Photo by Langfier.

TO CHLOË.

I.

I sat me down to write a song
Unto this maiden, when
I found the spell she'd cast on me
Had quite bewitched my pen.

II.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

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From a Painting by E. Read.

AFTER THE BALL.

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Men Who Make You Laugh.

Some pictures of our best and most popular comedians in their famous parts, and some good stories about them.

Photos by Foulsham & Banfield.

ALBERT CHEVALIER.

He was working two turns once, and as there was little time to get from one hall to the other he was compelled to travel in his picturesque coster's garb. At the booking-office stood a real member of the fraternity. Mr. Chevalier asked for a first-class to Edgware Road. The coster, believing the great artiste to be as genuine an article as himself, determined at all hazards to put down such outrageous "side." "'Ere, mister," he bawled to the booking-office clerk, "give us a Pullman's car ticket to 'Oundsditch!" Chevalier is one in a million; he can make you laugh and weep at will. He is no mere music hall artiste; he is a great actor; he is a charming gentleman.

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Photo by Ellis & Walery.

DAN LENO.

When are they going to knight him? He's made thousands of people happy, and continues to do so. He's the nicest little man alive, and he's a Court jester. Where's the knight who can boast a better record? *Apropos* of Court jesting, did I ever tell you that Dan forgot his dress tie when commanded to appear before the King. But such trifles don't worry Dan. He used a bit of white tape, and if the King noticed it he didn't say a word.

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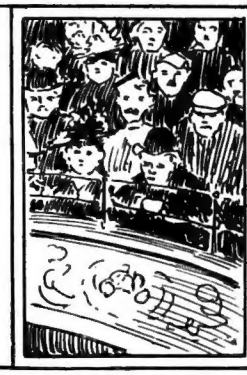
Photos by Ellis & Walery.

GEORGE ROBEY.

He was a boy once, was George Robey. (This is not unusual. We have all been boys once—except the more fortunate ones who have been girls.) Well, when he was a boy he went to the Middlesex Music Hall and saw an impromptu turn. "I can make a rhyme to any word you like to mention," said the impromptu artiste. "Try *tuberculosis*," cried George. This flummoxed the performer for a moment; then he said in a grave and reproving voice: "Pardon me, but I never rhyme on religious subjects." One for George—what do you think?



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Photos by Ellis & Walery.

GEORGE GROSSMITH, Senior.

"I was intended for the Bar when I was a young man, but gave it up and went on the Stage." Lucky for us, Mr. George Grossmith!—though a very close and old school friend who saw an early performance seemed to think that Grossmith had missed his vocation.

When asked for his opinion he wrote back the single word—"*rot.*" "And that," said Mr. Grossmith, "was the shortest, but not the sweetest, letter I have ever received." Those who are happy enough to count Mr. Grossmith among their friends know him for an inveterate practical joker. Successful they have mostly been, these jokes, but once I think the joker came off second best. He strolled one day into a respectable City bank and said to the still more respectable old gentleman at the counter: "Give me a brandy-and-soda and some sandwiches, please."

The old gentleman showed not the slightest astonishment. He replied gravely and politely: "We don't keep brandy-and-soda or sandwiches here." And Mr. Grossmith walked out of the bank feeling rather small. I think had Mr. Grossmith become a barrister the courts would have been lively places of entertainment.

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Photo by Barraud.

W. S. PENLEY.

"I'm Charley's Aunt from Brazil, where the nuts come from." Certainly, Mr. Penley, and we are quite willing to hear you say this again and again and again. . . . By the way, he was once travelling up to town when two elderly ladies got into the carriage. They were discussing plays. "Shall I go and see 'Charley's Aunt?'" asked one. "It's very funny, I hear." "Yes," replied the other, "it may be humorous; but I think it would be more proper if the Aunt were played by a woman!"

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Photo by Ellis & Walery.

WALTER PASSMORE.

Mr. Passmore's first visit to a theatre was a most disgraceful affair. He was taken by his nurse to see a lurid melodrama. When the villain made his appearance and raised his voice, young Passmore suddenly started howling defiance at the wicked man. "And," says the popular actor, "I am proud to say that I outdid that villain so far as mere noise was concerned, and had finally to be carried out of the theatre." Mr. Passmore is a man much to be envied, not merely on account of his position, but because he is the husband of Miss Agnes Fraser, the charming Savoy *prima donna*.

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EDMUND . .
PAYNE. . .

Did you see Edmund Payne trying to eat macaroni in "The Messenger Boy?" No? Then you missed something really good. But then he always makes you laugh; his stock of humour is so endless, and its quality so original. But Mr. Payne has not always been at the head of his profession. For many years he was a struggling provincial actor. To-day it's—"Let us go to the Gaiety. We shall hear Edmund Payne there."

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

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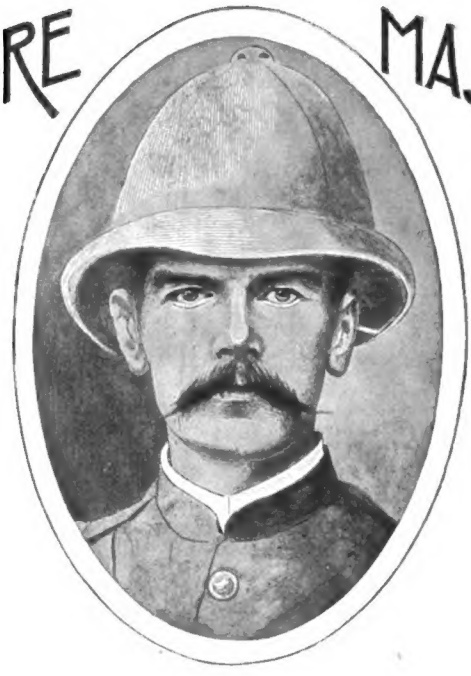
AN ADVENTURE OF MAJOR KAY.



By
WALTER WOOD.

Illustrated by
STANLEY L. WOOD.

Kay's great deeds in South Africa are known to all the world: his astounding adventures, when a young officer in the Intelligence Department in the Soudan, to a few individuals only. But these individuals are quite willing to talk if the readers of THE ROYAL *care to listen. So if you want to hear something more about Major Kay, just drop the Editor a post-card and tell him so. Mark your post-cards "K," and forward them to the Editor,* THE ROYAL, *Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, with the least possible delay.*

A REJECTED SAVIOUR.

MAJOR HUBERT KAY, of the Intelligence Department, left the halted desert column and went into the scorching yellow wilderness. His anger burnt as fiercely as the Soudan sun. He wanted space to think and emptiness in which to throw the language that it was not expedient for his superiors to hear. Marchbank, the Guardsman, had just distinguished himself by declaring that the only thing the Department lacked was intelligence. The gibe had stung him to the quick, and was the bitterer because now, in the solitude, Kay was thinking of the caustic answers which might have been.

"The monocled goat!" he murmured savagely. "Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, and gilded asses like this are dragging at the vitals of an expedition which ought to be pushing ahead in spite of all the horrors of a country which has heat and pests enough to be the headquarters of the devil. Oh! for one short hour of absolute authority. I'd weed the wasters out like this!"

He crushed a scorpion with his foot and cursed as he swept from his itching face a swarm of flies which followed and afflicted him. He crossed a whitened track in the sand—the bleached bones of slaves who had fallen on a caravan-route, and got to windward of a vulture-covered camel's carcase. He glanced casually at an Arab who was stretched at its side, and then turned and looked towards the camp, a tall, slim, stern-faced soldier, of whom his friends spoke as the man who waited—and won, and of whom even the Guardsman had said that he was the tireless sapper chap who had never loved and never lost.

The sun was getting low and the shadow of the figure was lengthening on the sand. Kay's eyes, drooping to the desert, saw the shade; but it was not anything in his outlined form which sent a flash of wonder through

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the cold eyes and caused a sudden bending of the supple body.

On the sand which bore his image he had seen another form depicted—a man in flowing robe and turban, with a long right arm in which a spear was held. He had seen the poising of the weapon as he might have seen it on the screen of a shadow pantomime, and, like a figure in the same performance, he had bent and leaped aside. The spear, which would have been buried in his back, whizzed past him and ploughed into the yielding sand.

Kay turned swiftly and saw that the Arab, shamming death, had risen, stalked him, and shot his shaft. Then he had fallen finally. His last breath of hate had been spent in hurling the spear which would smooth his path to Paradise as the slayer of an unbeliever.

Kay strode towards the body and smiled grimly. "And yet he did it in the name of Allah the Compassionate and Merciful. They always do—and the bigger the crime the greater the piousness. And I suppose this man's left a swarm of women and a brood of little limpid-eyed black slugs to weep and wail for him. *Kismet!* It might have been me. Hallo! What's this?"

In the struggle a Martini cartridge had fallen from the Arab's turban. Kay picked it up, and in the handling found that the bullet was loose. Gentle pulling drew it from the case and with it a little roll of paper which filled the powder chamber. He opened the paper and saw that it was covered with closely written Arabic, in the speech and understanding of which he was skilled by long experience.

The letter was from an Emir to the commander of a force which had been routed and destroyed three days earlier by the Desert Column.

In the name of Allah the Compassionate and Merciful. The faithful now surround Khartoum. Know that Godwin Pasha is a prisoner in his palace, and that the city will be stormed and the unbelievers put to the sword. This will be at sunset on the night which ends the year 1301, and the Mahdi will begin his New Year's day in glorious happiness. There have been those already who have tried to take news to Cairo by way of Dongola, and they have been captured and destroyed. Allah has condemned their souls to fire and everlasting misery. When this has been delivered to you, hasten to join the hosts around Khartoum.

The soldier gave a little laugh of satisfaction as he folded up the letter, because the man to whom it was addressed had fallen in the fight and was already buried in a shallow desert grave.

"Now," he said, straightening himself, "I've got a chance of showing what the I.D. can do, and, by Allah, I'll keep my grip on it. This very expedition is to relieve Godwin. We are still a hundred miles from Khartoum, and however hard we march we can't get there in time to save him if the Mahdists carry out their programme. I'll go alone, and do a single-handed rescue. I'll wipe the slate of the I.D. clean of slurs and gibes."

Being silent and secret in his workings, he determined, as he lightly stepped across the sand towards the camp, that he would say nothing of his hidden purpose to the officer commanding, because the officer commanding was a product of the drill-book, and, therefore, could not see beyond his nose.

"I've just found a dead Arab with this in his possession," he explained. "The man had been going as hard as he could lick across the desert, and had given up the ghost with his camel."

The officer commanding was looking at the writing, with puckered brow and learned expression. He was a casual student of a little manual called "Arabic Self-taught," which a government that had been forgetful of many other things had provided for the troops in the campaign, and his weakness being in the direction of local colour he embellished his speech with Oriental phrases—which he invariably translated, so that their point should not be lost.

"These fellows write such a crabbed fist," he said snappishly, handing back the document to Kay, "that I'm rather stumped with some of it. You see, I'm more used to the printed stuff. You might just run over it, so that I can check my version with yours."

Kay translated the letter in his own way. All he told the officer commanding was that Khartoum was closely invested, harder pressed than spies' reports had led him to believe; all he asked was permission to go and ascertain the strength of the Mahdi's forces.

"Go if you wish," said the officer commanding, "but only as a volunteer. I'll be no party to running your head into the lion's mouth."

"It's the only way of getting anything out of his jaws, sir," answered Kay.

"You will carry your life in your hands," the officer commanding warned him.

"Can you suggest any safer keeping, sir?" asked Kay, and the officer commanding laughed and said that a man was naturally the best guardian of his own skin. "When and how do you wish to start?" he inquired.

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"At once, sir, and with an Arab escort—the four men we brought from Suakin. I don't believe in them overmuch, but they're the best we have. You may trust me, sir, to go and come as fast as I can. I will pick you up at the half-way house on your advance."

"*El haqq bi ydak*—the truth is in your hands," rejoined the officer commanding. "Go, and peace and good luck be with you. The last man who went as a spy, as you must go, came back without his nose and lips, and the one before him didn't return at all. The picture is not pleasant, and I remind you of it only in your own interests, O *bimbashi* of the *qualam el muh abrát. Awaa! oa!* Major of the Intelligence Department, take care!"

* * * * *

When at sunset five camel-mounted men rode away, the Guardsman, who was talking with the officer commanding, asked lazily: "Where are those Arab fellows going?"

"Well," replied the officer commanding, "they're by way of starting for Khartoum."

"Pretty lurid lair, isn't it?" drawled the Guardsman. "Who's leading them into the trap?"

"The tallest Arab," said the officer commanding, "by name Abdullah Bey."

"Now I wonder," added the Guardsman, "what Abdullah Bey is called in the bosom of his family?"

"Hubert Kay," replied the officer commanding, with a laugh.

"Bother it!" exclaimed the Guardsman. "I never spotted him as he sailed past, and he never winked an eyelid when I asked him, thinking he was a Moslem, how he liked the flesh of swine."

Kay led the escort southward. Until midnight they travelled in silence; then he told their destination.

"Excellency," said the eldest, who was called Mahomet, "thou knowest that the Mahdi's hosts are like the locusts in number, and in cruelty more terrible than the vulture."

"Well?" demanded Kay.

"No secrets of the mind are hidden from thee. Thou readest thoughts that are not clothed in words."

"Thou meanest that thy stomach fails thee, and wouldst save thy skin by turning back?"

"Prober of souls, all truth is laid bare before thee, and thou knowest that no unbeliever may fall into the hands of the dervishes and live."

"Well?" repeated Kay, whose eyes had never left the Arab's.

No Oriental met that look without invoking preservation from the "evil eye." Mahomet did not answer.

Kay looked from one to the other of the escort, whom he saw clearly in the bright moonlight. They hung their heads as he blazed out, "Sons of pluckless dogs! If there is one of you with heart enough to go ahead with me, let him come to my right side."

The heads drooped lower. No man of the escort moved towards the leader. He had expected this, but scorned to show his disappointment, and added: "Turn your cowards' faces from me and go back the way you came. And look at this; if one of you is within reach of me in sixty seconds I'll riddle his skulking carcase."

He plunged his hand into the folds of his *gibbeh* (white cotton robe), and drew out his revolver.

Mahomet jerked his rope bridle and turned sullenly round and faced the north. His three companions did the same, and without a word the escort slunk off across the desert.

Kay watched them until they were out of sight, then with a hard laugh he put away his revolver and made his bed on the yielding sand. At sunrise he resumed his journey, and, defiant of the heat, pushed ahead till nightfall. His camel, when unloaded and turned loose to feed, collapsed. Kay restarted afoot for the rest of his journey, the water in his leather bottle and a handful of *dhurra* his only drink and food.

Midday prayers had been recited when he entered a riverside village which lay in his path, and in which he hoped to learn the latest news of the investment. He heard the melancholy notes of the *ombeya*, the elephant's tusk which is the Soudan war-horn, and the dull beats of the war-drums, mingled with the howlings of a frantic mob which surged towards the market-place. He knew that the signals meant a feast of blood, and turned to leave the village and get on his way towards Khartoum.

Too late. He was now amongst a crowd of Arabs, and the mob hustled him along and forced him into the front rank, almost to the side of the sheik, whose eyes were fixed on an open space where two captives were being bound for torture.

When adventuring like this, with life not worth a day's purchase, Kay carried a little phial containing a dose of poison, which a man might swallow at a gulp. This hung by the leather case, suspended from his neck, in which he carried his *ratib*, the prayer-book

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containing extracts from the Koran, which was part of his disguise as a true believer. His left hand sought and held the tiny vessel, while his right gripped his revolver. Death he did not fear—but a death like this!

The sun shone strong and hot in his face, and he shaded his eyes with his hand for an instant, so that he could see what sort of creatures had been caught. A swift glance—and he knew they were the men who had forsaken him. His hand fell instantly and rested again on his weapon. He averted his face and stooped lower. For a moment the deep bronze of the features was almost livid; then the colour returned and the jaws were firmer set as the captives writhed towards him, shrieking: "In the name of the most merciful God, save us! Excellency! Master!"

A silence like the desert solitude fell on the people. It was broken by another cry—"For the sake of God, have pity on us!"

Mahomet grovelled at Kay's feet.

The sheik turned, and for the first time noticed Kay. He looked at nothing but the eyes. As he did so a strange light of under-

Kay whipped out his revolver, and, with an upward drive of his left fist, lifted the chief from the ground and sprawled him on his back.

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standing came into his own, and his lips parted over the cruel teeth. He spurned the prostrate supplicant, and with a wave of the arm drove the people back, so that he and Kay were alone.

Kay saw that words were useless, and he did not speak. He met the fierce look with a gaze that never faltered, and the sheik's eyes drooped before it.

"Cut their bonds," ordered the sheik.

A knife was slipped through the ropes of *dhoum*-palm fibre, and the captives were jerked pitilessly to their feet.

"Stand aside and let them speak," continued the chief. "Now," he added, when the pair were standing before him, "who is this you call upon to save you?"

Before they could answer Kay said to them in sharp English—

"Watch and follow me."

"Keep thy dog's speech in thy own mouth," exclaimed the sheik, turning with blazing eyes on Kay. "And as thy tongue needs a curb, take that!"

His words were followed with a blow on the square jaw; but the Intelligence Officer did not flinch. He clenched his teeth more closely, and waited.

"Name him!" shouted the sheik, turning to the prisoners.

"He is our master, the Englishman," said Mahomet, with downcast eyes; but from beneath the shaggy brows he watched for his superior's lead.

"So," sneered the sheik, again addressing Kay, "it was the truth that one of the dogs we slew told when he said that there were five of you who started, and that the fifth was an infidel spy who travelled as Abdullah Bey. There was one of that name once—a pig with eyes like thine—who threw his slipper at me—an insult which I will repay with the death of a thousand dogs."

Again there was a savage blow on the clenched jaw, and, with a brutal laugh, the sheik turned to the crowd and raised his voice commandingly.

At the same instant Kay whipped out his revolver, and, with an upward drive of his left fist, lifted the chief from the ground and sprawled him on his back.

"Now," he shouted, "follow me!"

He sprang forward and, snatching two long, straight blades, forced them into the hands of the prisoners and ran towards the open rear of the market-place, beyond which lay the Nile and liberty.

The lust of blood and vengeance filled Mahomet and his comrade Salee. Through the Arabs who sprang to arms and rushed to bar their way they slashed a lane with their two-handed weapons and left even Kay a yard or two behind.

"Kill and spare them not!" he cried in Arabic, but they did not stand in need of his encouragement. The fresh remembrance of their terror gave them strength to strike, and instinct led their flying feet towards the river.

The three had cleared the market-place, and the nearest of their enemies were slain or wounded; the closest of the followers were outdistanced. Spears which had been hurled after them fell harmlessly short, and bullets which whizzed through the air went high or wide until one of them entered Salee's back. He jumped convulsively and struck the earth as Kay swept past him. Another buried itself in Mahomet, but he held on for twenty yards before he sank, and with his eyes made an appeal for help which his tongue was powerless to utter.

Kay gripped his arm and dragged him on, their pace checked by half, and the bullets whistling closer. He turned his head and saw that the pursuers, fleet-footed, maddened, merciless, were gaining. The sheik, just mounted on his horse, was coming like a boulder down a slope.

"I cannot save thee," gasped Kay. "I shall thank my God if I can save myself. Take this; it will spare thee suffering, and speed thee into Paradise."

He pulled the phial from its cord and placed it in Mahomet's hand.

A bullet passed through his turban as he stooped. He sprang to his feet again and swept across the level land that lay between him and the river. On the brink of the shelving bank he turned once more, and saw that the sheik was almost upon him.

The horse, head down, with foam-flecked chest, and eyeballs flashing fire, tore on. At the distance of a hundred yards Kay covered his quivering front; at fifty the revolver had been raised and pointed at the sheik's white turban. At half the distance the trigger clicked, the muzzle flashed, and the horse rushed on alone. With a snort of terror he pulled up at the very edge of the bank and ploughed the sand with his haunches.

Kay snatched the bridle and vaulted into the empty saddle. With a shout of triumph he dashed along the plain, which was parallel with the river. Enveloped in a cloud of sand he galloped from the district, and neither Remington nor Martini bullet struck him, for the hands that held the rifles were unsteady, and the shots went wide.

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With a shout of triumph he dashed along the plain.

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Kay rode his horse pitilessly, knowing that at a certain stage he must abandon him, since he had neither food nor drink for him, and the country was as barren as a rock. The end came when thirty miles were put between the village and the fugitive. The horse collapsed as Kay drove into a blinding sand-storm, and he left him with a sigh and a shot of mercy.

Kay plunged into the storm recklessly, for in such a night he could scarcely see a hand before him. His footprints were blotted out by whirling sand as soon as he had made them, and he pushed ahead without leaving a trace of his course. He never halted until day broke; then the storm had ceased, and with a sigh of thankfulness he saw that he was on the straight line of his route and near the river, with a long stretch of country between him and his enemies. His eyes were red and smarting, his mouth was parched and cracked; his body ached with riding, and it seemed as if every insect enemy had marked him for its own; but he held his thoughts to the purpose of his mission, and when the day broke pursued his way with undiminished courage.

In the dead of night he reached his journey's end and touched the outer fringe of the investing host. "At last! And in time!" he murmured, and already the exultation of victory possessed him. He went unquestioned through a camp in which there were many outwardly like him; and even in the groups of Dervishes who squatted on the ground and told tales few men did more than turn their heads to glance at the figure which flitted silently past them in the moonlight, with a pious hand upon the region of his heart.

Unmolested he went towards the river and the palace. Before him were a pair of field-guns with the muzzles pointing to the building.

Kay noticed that the weapons were deserted—the gunners were sharing in the shouts and stories—and the instinct of a soldier prompted him to lessen his opponent's fighting power. He slipped up to the guns, removed the breech-blocks and hurrying towards the river threw one in—a fair strong cast which made a little silver column in the water.

His arm was raised for another throw when he heard a voice very near him. With arm still poised he turned and looked into an astonished face. The man—a Dervish from the Mahdi's force—was about to speak, to raise the alarm of spy. Kay gave him neither chance nor time. Brutal energy was needed with a brutal foe. He put all the strength of his body into one smashing blow with his steel-filled hand, and the Dervish thudded to the earth. Then the breech-block raised another cloud of spray.

"Now," said Kay, "I've crossed the Rubicon indeed! If saved and saviour clear this cursed region it will have to be by water—not by land. And this is not the work that's mentioned in dispatches!"

His blood was heated for the last phase of his forlorn hope. Danger had put new life into him; the weariness and lassitude of the desert had gone from his limbs, thirst had vanished from his parched mouth, hunger did not trouble him. He was full of one great purpose only, to reach the prisoner and set him free.

Already the worst of his peril was past, for there was yet time to escape together before the city could be stormed and taken. With a thrill of joy he noticed that a little station-boat was tied up to the bank opposite the palace in which Godwin was a captive.

With a greater thrill he observed that the general himself was in his favourite garden, looking, not behind him, at the Mahdi's hosts, but in front, across the river and the clustering palms on Tuti Island.

Kay stole towards the general and waited until the melancholy prisoner turned and saw him.

"Sir," he said abruptly, "I have come to help you to escape."

"And who are you?" asked the general quietly.

He was short and slender, with a fine and almost beardless face, famous for his humanity and his fetish of duty.

Kay's voice contained a ring of triumph as he answered:

"I am the I.D. man who has had some of your hardest knocks, sir. It has been said that we have spent no money in bribing natives to try to get through. I have improved on that by coming myself."

"And a gallant act," observed the general. "But you look terribly fagged. I take it that you didn't get here without difficulty?"

"I had one or two little scraps, sir," answered Kay drily, "but they're not worth talking about in a land like this. They're as common as camels."

"And what made you come?" inquired the general.

Kay told the story of the letter. He was a man of few words, and had his say in two sentences.

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"So they've chosen their New Year's gift for me?" said Godwin.

"Yes, sir, and I hope I am in time to make it needless for you to thank them for the present. If you will come with me now we can just get away before the attack is made."

Godwin almost laughed. "Get away!" he echoed. "Why, the enemy is around us like flies about a honey-pot, and we might as well try to jump the pyramids as get through them."

"I carved a way, sir," said Kay, "and by the river we can both get the better of them even yet. There is our means." He pointed to the boat.

"They would see it and riddle it like a sieve," replied the general.

"In a game like this the risks are great," continued Kay, "and I would rather run the risk of riddling than go back the way I came. For one thing, I have knocked a sheik and a Dervish over, and thrown away a couple of breech-blocks. There are two guns the less to reckon with. But come, sir, shall we get into the boat? If we do it instantly we may escape a lot of firing, for I think they will be too busy to notice the knocked-out man for some time."

With his arm poised he turned and looked into an astonished face.

"I am very sorry," answered the General, "but I cannot come." He spoke in the quiet tones of a man who has been long resigned to a certain thing.

Kay showed his amazement.

"Sir," he said bluntly, "why can't you come?"

"My honour and my duty will not allow me," answered Godwin.

"Your honour cannot be questioned, and your duty has been done," persisted Kay. "A captain need not go down with his ship when he has done his best to save her."

Godwin smiled sadly. "We are both soldiers," he said, "and have seen too much of death to be afraid of it."

"I fear some forms of it," responded Kay. "Come, sir, there's nothing here to fight for but a town that's like a sewer and a people that are worse than rats."

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"God has put them in my keeping, and I cannot abandon them," said the general.

"They are craven-hearted crows, sir."

"I know it; the Arabs are ten times better. Ah! if I only had *them* under me! They are at least fighters!"

"And murderers," added Kay, significantly.

"Even so, I shall not desert my post," replied Godwin. "Now, my good, brave friend," he continued earnestly, "don't waste your breath in talking to me; don't risk your life by lingering here. I know now for certain that the attack will be made and that the palace will fall. I know that I am trapped and that I shall fall with it. Time after time I have wondered whether I shall blow up the building and myself with it, or be taken and suffer for the faith that is in me. I shall do the latter."

"So you have made your choice, sir?"

"I have."

"And you will not deviate from it?"

"No."

"There is no dishonour in evacuation, sir," continued Kay, making one last effort. "And I can tell you that there is no hope of the column getting up in time, even if it were strong enough to be of any use, which it is not against a swarm like this."

"It would not be evacuation if I went," said Godwin, "it would be that most dastardly of all things—desertion. To desert is dishonourable; for me it is impossible."

Kay made a final blunt remark.

"I put it to you plainly, sir; there is no time for nice argument. Will you come with me, or will you stay?"

"I will stay. If I abandoned my post and my people now I should hold myself in contempt for ever," was the steady answer.

"So be it," sighed Kay. "I hoped for better luck when I began my journey—and God and myself only know what it has been like. Is there any message I can carry for you?"

There was a curious softness in his voice, and something like a melting of the cold eyes.

"Only this—that I hoped and hoped until my heart was sick, to see my fellow countrymen, and that I died like a soldier, an Englishman, and a Christian. I thank you from my soul for coming; but, you see, I am like the cage-bird, I refuse my liberty. Farewell! God bless you!"

Kay grasped the thin hand and turned away without speaking or looking back. He untied the boat, stepped in, and, with an oar over the stern, guided it down the flowing river, still looking ahead. He sat erect, and his very fearlessness was his salvation, for the sentries who observed him supposed he was a dervish, and neither checked nor stopped his journey.

When Kay had passed the zone of fire he steered towards the bank and gave a parting look behind. Even as he turned he heard the sound of drum and war-horn, and the distant roars of frenzied men. The clear night was pitted with the flash of gun and rifle, and the boom of cannon filled the air.

He pushed away from the bank and floated down the silent river.

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AT SCHOOL UNDER THE SKY

By the courtesy of the Cheshire County Council Technical Instruction Committee.

Photo by H. Bullock.

The boys of Weaverham Grammar School learning the points of a Jersey cow.

No. IV.—THE STUDY OF BIRDS AND BEASTS.

How Boys and Girls are Taught to Observe the Ways of Birds and Beasts—a Work after every Child's Heart. How Expeditions are Organised, when the Children go on Country Rambles in Search of Wild Life—and how the Keeping and Care of Pets is Encouraged. On Page 521 is the Fourth Competition, which all Boys and Girls are Invited to Enter, and the Results of the First Competition on Page 592.

By Wilfred Mark Webb.

A certain Professor of natural history was one day passing by a school when he was startled to hear, floating through the windows a mournful, wailing, sing-song chorus of little voices uplifted in plaintive unison and saying, "*Poor us!*"

"Dear me," thought the Professor, "whatever is being inflicted upon those children?" and he went inside to see.

He found that a so-called object-lesson in natural history was in progress. The old-fashioned teacher was imparting information about a piece of sponge. Calling attention to the holes in it, she had said, "Poróus,"—a word which the children, interpreting in their own way, had repeated after her in the great wail that had startled the Professor.

Poor children, indeed! The teacher's word conveyed nothing to them, but their response well represented their unfortunate condition in having to endure being crammed with facts which they could not understand, amid surroundings that could give them no inspiration.

The Professor's story, indeed, is a lesson to all teachers! How much better is it to lead children to gain ideas for themselves from Nature under the dome of Heaven than in the dull confines of a school-room? Out in the open fields, down by the seaside—teach them anywhere but under a roof! Children revel in Nature-lessons under the sky.

Birds, beasts, and insects—this branch of Nature study, of all that are encouraged in the modern schools, appeals most forcibly to the childrens' hearts. And very naturally, for is there not much in common between children and animals?

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"CATCHING."

"CAUGHT!"

By the courtesy of Mr. E. A. Thomas. Photos by E. R. Ovenden.

The children of the Orlestone School fishing for specimens in a pond.

Great as is the interest which school children take in plants, for instance, when observed in the course of a field ramble—in the formation of the landscape when studied on a cliff's side—in gardening when pursued in school hours in the school grounds—it is as nothing compared with the children's interest in things that crawl and things that run. Plants may be "all a-growin' and a-blowin'," but animals show much more evident signs of life. Children recognise in the warm-furred rabbit, or even in the chilly lizard, nearer relatives to themselves than they find in the trees or in the herbs!

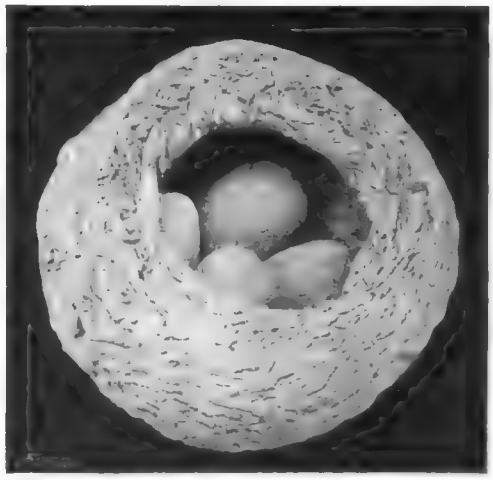
But the point is hardly worth arguing. There is not a girl who does not love to show a motherly care for a gentle animal pet, and the boy who is not fond of rabbits and dogs and hedgehogs is not worthy of the name.

At one of the most enterprising Nature study schools—that of Stanbury, in Yorkshire—one afternoon every week is devoted to a natural history class in the open. If you were to watch the children as they joyously set out from the school, you would notice that many of the little lassies cover their heads with shawls instead of hats—and clogs are commonly worn.

In the very first field an enterprising baby picks up a caterpillar of the tortoise-shell butterfly—the first of the year—and proudly holds up the stinging nettle on which it is feeding—grasping it safely in her frock. At the same moment a roving boy discovers some wriggling tadpoles in a little pond, and takes them captive in a pickle-jar—for future reference.

The master—Mr. Bradley—from time to time points out the birds' nests which he has previously discovered. Rash man, you say—not an egg will have a chance of hatching after his crowd of children has seen the nest! But watch—not an egg is taken, not a single child even thinks of robbing the birds. And, if these children can help it, no one else will steal the eggs. When strangers come birds'-nesting, the Stanbury children keep a sharp watch over their movements, and hold the terror of the police over their heads if they begin to rob.

The influence of children's



A model in clay of a bird's nest by a child of four at Sale Infant School.

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By the courtesy of Miss Clark. Photo by Mr. C. F. Bowen.

The boys of Coombe Hill School hunting for insects in their terrarium.

interest will do far more for our birds than all the Protection Acts and county council bye-laws put together.

It would surprise the average town girl, who knows nothing of natural history, to see how keen some of her country sisters become in the pursuit of wild-life studies. At Orlestone School, girls, as well as boys, show, in their note-book records, powers of observation and reasoning that would do credit to many an older student.

One girl's note-book is filled with observations on a newt, which she watched one day at a pond-side. She tells how she discovered that the creature swam by the help of its tail, holding its legs motionless at its side; how she found by experiment that newts are easily caught with worms; and how the newt rises to the surface of the water in order to breathe. Afterwards in the school aquarium she noted how the animal periodically makes a change of clothes by casting its skin; how it lays its eggs, and how these gradually develop into little newts, which grow legs after the manner of a frog tadpole, but do not lose their tails.

The life history of the privet moth, arranged and modelled by the Masters Dollman, of St. Paul's School.

This is but one series of observations made at a school, which harbours toads, frogs, blind-worms, snakes, and hosts of insects in all the interesting stages of their existence. How many naturalists could describe the hatching of a blind-worm's eggs? Yet any child at Orlestone will tell you all about it.

The head-master, Mr. Thomas, is a keen lover of Nature—and he is fond of telling his pupils how once, when a boy himself, his love of wild life served him in good stead. Pursued by a larger boy, who was bent on doing him grievous bodily harm, he suddenly remembered a snake which he had caught and pocketed. Whipping out the reptile

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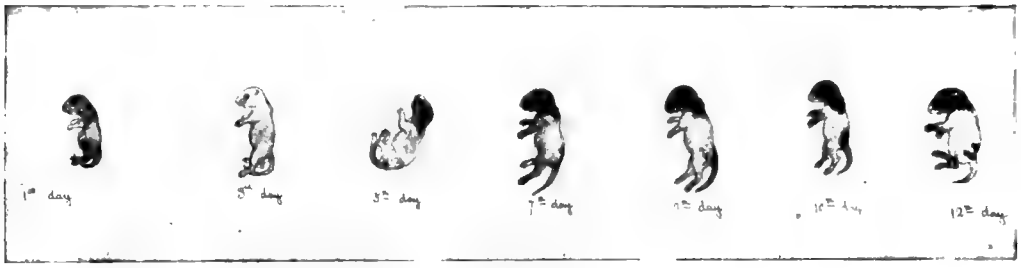

The story of a mouse drawn from life—

he turned in his flight, and presented it, like a revolver, at his enemy's head—when the snake, surprised at the unusual treatment, opened its mouth and vomited forth a large and lively toad which it had recently swallowed—a lesson in Nature which proved

Photo by Master Knight.

Some Bootham School boys on a Nature study excursion by boat.

altogether too much for the pursuer, who promptly turned and fled!

Spurred forward by enthusiasm of the head-master, the interest taken by the Orlestone children in animals knows no bounds. The gardening children go so far as to import insects which will prove useful to them, and to their plants. On the other hand they are just as careful to get rid of harmful ones. Nature study has its practical value.

Making observations themselves is a far more valuable and interesting training for children than reading about those of other people—however wonderful. But not every child can express in words what he has remarked. Of partridges, a boy in a Western English school wrote: "The partridge be a funny bird. Him do sleep every night with his tail inside of him, and his head outside." This referred to the habit of partridges in coveys to sleep tail to tail, with their heads towards a possible enemy. A shrewd observation for a small boy, if weakly expressed!

Referring to animals' behaviour and weather-lore, another boy remarked: "When a woodcock keeps up a noise it is a sign of wind"; and another, "The fisents (pheasants) are charpin every morning and it's a sign of fine weather." An observer of seven years recorded that most rabbits are old in winter and young in summer.

Another bright naturalist, when asked the difference between a moth and a butterfly, said: "A butterfly has blobs

By the courtesy of Miss Clark. Photo by Mr. C. F. Bowen.

Examining specimens through the microscope at Coombe Hill School.

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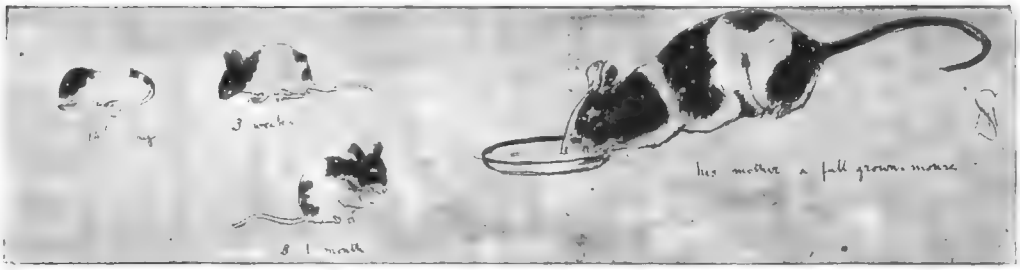

—by a pupil of King Alfred's School, Hampstead. *Photographed by permission at the Nature Study Exhibition.*

on the end of his whiskers, and a moth has not," which, after all, was not far from the mark, if we substitute "antennæ" for "whiskers."

Here is a small boy's essay on animals—a recent visit to a menagerie would appear to have affected his ideas: "I have seen my father putting wire to catch animals, cats and rabbits. Some animals like sweeds and others don't. When *we* have them we mostly cook them, and then they are good. Rabbits are good to eat when we cook them—the fox is not good. The lion's prey is human bein's. Wouldn't he like ducks, wouldn't he like a piece of myself? *But no thank u!* He is 'aving raw stuff in a kage and can't get a bit of me myself."

Better results are gained when the teachers take down the children's observations from their own dictation—a method sometimes followed at Coombe Hill, Westerham, where Nature study is excellently planned. An essay by a small boy aged nine upon snails and the way they lay eggs is quite good reading. Another by a little girl on yellow-hammers contained many interesting observations, not made off-hand, but after eager study.

Many secondary schools, where school-time is filled with more commonplace pursuits, encourage Nature study in leisure hours, and offer prizes. Bootham Friends School boasts a natural history journal, started so far back as 1833, and written in playtime. At Bedale's School the boys are encouraged to take up still other lines of Nature study out of school hours—even the photographing of birds and their nests. Recording, rather than killing, is the order of the day at this institution.

One boy secured an excellent photograph of two baby turtle-doves in a nest twenty feet from the ground in a fir tree—taking the picture under extreme difficulties whilst the baby birds were moving their

Photographed by permission at the Nature Study Exhibition.

Some very clever drawings of horses' heads by Miss Lois Tanner, a young pupil of Kensington High School.

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heads, and camera and tree were swaying in the wind. The same boy photographed a shrike's nest after an hour's hard labour. The nest was in a high hedge, so the camera-stand was lashed to long sticks to raise the lens to the right height, while the operator stood on a gate, taken from its hinges for the purpose.

A girl of Roedean School, near Brighton, has followed the same entrancing branch of Nature study, and thinks nothing of climbing trees and carrying her camera up with her, often securing its legs to convenient branches. She has even photographed rooks on their nests. In this case, she first dragged a box to the tree top, and left the box until the birds had grown accustomed to it. She then substituted her camera for the box, and when the rooks had settled on their nest, cleverly worked the shutter from the ground with the help of a long tube. Among other interesting pictures, she has taken several of plovers' nests, to show how closely they are made to match their surroundings, whether in stubble or in ploughed fields.

A squirrel stuffed by a boy aged ten-and-a-half at Cardiff Intermediate School.

Schools by the sea-side have special opportunities for interesting Nature classes—star-fish, jelly-fish, cockles and mussels, seaweed and anemones—do not children love these things with all their hearts? At the Hastings and St. Leonard's College the girls are specially keen on studying the wonders of marine life. One of the girls keeps quite a large aquarium, and has filled her Nature study journal with the most interesting notes about hermit crabs. She describes how, when she introduces new shells to the hermit crab's notice, he promptly takes up his abode in them—sometimes as promptly going home to his old shell-home, if a new one does not suit his tastes.

A marine aquarium may be kept in good order for years without having its water changed, if proper care is taken to grow plants in the tank, so that the balance is maintained between the amount of oxygen taken out of the water by the animals, hardy sea anemones, and so on, and the amount returned by the plants.

Town scholars, as well as country children, can observe the ways of beasts and birds by keeping pets.

The keeping of pets certainly lays a good foundation for the love of studying Nature. At one of the more perfectly arranged preparatory schools every girl is allowed to keep a hen as a pet. This is at Godstow (preparatory for High Wycomb), and the little girls delight in watching the behaviour of their hens and in collecting their eggs, which they may either keep for themselves, or give away.

The nest and eggs of a moorhen, photographed by Master E. F. Winser, a boy at Bedales School.

A plover's nest in a ploughed field, photographed by Miss Rachel Parsons, a girl at Roedean School.

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By the courtesy of Mr. G. Saunders, of Whitstable.

This marine aquarium has been maintained for many years without change of water.

A hedgehog once took up its abode in a dog's-kennel at Clifdon Hampden School, much to the disgust and discomfort of the rightful owner. The master took the hedgehog indoors, fed it, and, on going to rest, locked it securely in the kitchen. In the morning it had vanished.

On the next evening, however, a scratching at the door was heard, and there was the hedgehog again. He was quite fearless, and did not so much as curl up when caressed. Again he was locked in the kitchen. Again, next morning, he had disappeared in some unimaginable way that has remained to this day a mystery. This went on for some time, until the hedgehog suddenly elected to remain all night in the kitchen, apparently having found a comfortable corner to sleep in.

But one night the master was aroused by strange sounds, indicating burglars. Hastily dressing and arming himself, he crept to the pantry, whence the disturbing sounds came. But no burglar was discovered. Instead, a lighted match revealed a tin dish careering along the floor in a very rocky manner—and beneath the tin dish was the hedgehog, who had been left in his corner, as usual, in the kitchen. He had been trying to get to some food that had been put out for the dog, and had managed to tip the tin over himself.

But, after all, the true way to study Nature is to go into the haunts of Nature—and it is the classes in natural history that are held under the open sky that do most to foster a love of Nature in children, and that abiding love of the country, which alone, in these days, will keep children from gradually drifting to the already overcrowded towns.

Another Interesting Competition for Boys and Girls.

Competitors must send in an account of their observations of the habits of birds in April. Any points of interest should be noted and a summary of all observations must be written and forwarded to the Editor.

PARTICULARS.

The Competitors will be divided into three classes:

(1) THOSE UNDER THE AGE OF TEN. (2) THOSE FROM TEN TO FIFTEEN. (3) THOSE FROM FIFTEEN TO TWENTY.

No account must exceed 300 words in length.

Three Prizes of One Guinea each are offered in each class of Competitors for the best accounts sent in.

Competitors must write in a clear hand on one side of the paper only, and must inscribe his or her name and address, his or her age, also the name of his or her school, in the top left-hand corner of the first page.

All attempts must arrive at this office before April 25th, and must be addressed to the Editor, THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 17 and 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

The word "Birds" must be written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.

A Special Prize will be presented to the School which supplies the greatest number of Competitors in this Competition.

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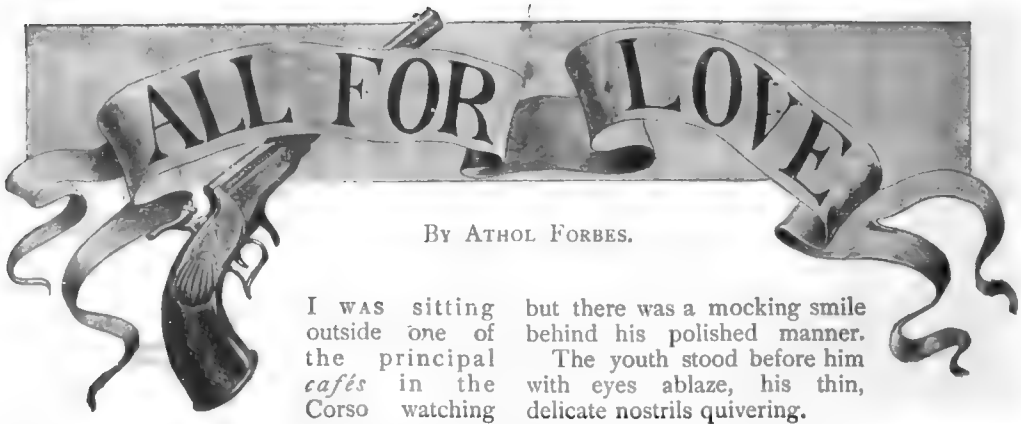

By Athol Forbes.

I was sitting outside one of the principal *cafés* in the Corso watching the splendour and shabbiness of Roman life, wondering at the play of pride and poverty before me when my attention was arrested by a movement on my right.

"Pardon, monsieur."

I moved my chair to let him pass. He bowed to me with a charming grace, then he tapped a man on the shoulder who was sipping vermouth not far from my table. He looked quickly up from his glass, and it was then that I got a clearer view of the youth who had first addressed me. The face seemed very familiar. I was cudgelling my brains to recall where I had seen it, when my thoughts were sharply called to the immediate present.

"Count Von Lichen?" he said in a soft musical voice.

"Yes," growled the man addressed. "What do you want?"

"Simply to tell you, publicly"—and his voice rose in pitch—"that you are a mean, disreputable scoundrel."

There was a sharp rattle of chairs, then a sudden hush. Every man in the room was staring in the direction of the speaker, amazement depicted upon their faces. The insult was heard all over the room. What astonished the *habitués* of the place was the almost boyish-looking youthfulness of the aggressor. But before the German could reply, he picked up a glass and hurled the contents into the face of the man he had insulted.

There was an involuntary exclamation—"Ah!" from the whole room. "What will happen?" whispered a man who stood on a chair near me. It was a dramatic moment.

Count von Lichen rose quietly, wiped the front of his shirt with his pocket handkerchief, then with a masterful calmness he said:

"You poor, foolish boy, why do you do that?" but there was a mocking smile behind his polished manner.

The youth stood before him with eyes ablaze, his thin, delicate nostrils quivering.

"If I have not made myself perfectly clear to you, as well as to those who hear me, I will repeat it. You are a liar and a blackguard."

Not another soul in the room moved. For a moment or two the two faced each other in a silence that was oppressive. All were waiting for the bomb to burst.

"Monsieur will apologise," he remarked, still very quiet.

"Never!" cried the other.

Count von Lichen leaned upon a chair-back with his two hands, stooping slightly.

"Then I shall kill you," he said.

There was a cold, watery glitter as he hissed out the words, and again an exclamation of horror burst from the spectators of the scene, for the Count had a tremendous reputation as a duellist.

"We shall see," replied the younger man.

"There is not much time; you had better go home," he sneered, "say your prayers, and bid good-bye to your mother and your nurse. Tell them from me that unless you receive a good caning from one or the other," he went on with maddening mockery, "and I am duly certified of the fact in writing, I will relieve them of all responsibility as regards your future."

The lad sprang forward, but someone checked him in time. He did, however, succeed in touching the Count with his fist.

"Very good, my young friend; you have sealed your doom. Make all arrangements for your funeral, and see my name is on the list of invited guests."

Then, with a careless laugh, he walked away, stopping a few yards off to joke with two Italian officers in light blue cloaks.

"You are Mr. Langthorne, I believe?"

I started. For the moment the thought

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crossed my mind that I was to be the next victim.

"Yes," I said.

"You know my sister, Miss Chessman. She met you at Lord Addingly's place two years ago."

"Of course; your face seemed familiar to me. I have a distinct recollection of meeting your sister. You are wonderfully alike."

"Yes, we are. Mr. Langthorne, I am in Rome without a friend or a single acquaintance. You know what has happened. Will you act for me in this matter?"

I hesitated. Duelling was an awkward thing to be mixed up in, besides my young acquaintance was the aggressor. I am afraid my face told him my feelings. There was my position in the diplomatic service to be considered too.

"Do not refuse me," he pleaded.

"This is a very serious matter," I remarked gravely, vexed that I felt my heart going out to him in spite of myself. "If you will pardon my saying so, only the grossest wrong could justify your acting in the manner you have. Frankly I would much rather you found someone else, or better still, that you get out of the matter altogether. Why not leave Rome?"

"I know I am asking a great deal, for which I shall owe you my heartfelt gratitude, but there is no one else. Don't refuse me; but listen to my story."

"Will you sit down then, Mr. Chessman?"

"Of course you know Miss Dorian—my sister is companion to her. Since my mother's death, she has made her home with her. She has no other home now, poor girl."

His story was broken off at that moment by the approach of a gentleman, and I knew his errand, for it was written in his face.

"Count Von Lichen has not the honour of your acquaintance, or he would have written—" he was beginning when my young companion's eyes met mine in eloquent appeal.

"The Hotel Marina," he said with a smile of gratitude. He bowed to the Count's emissary, and left us.

It was a ghastly business; Captain Costello was overcome with sorrow, but the conduct of the fiery young Englishman left his friend no option in the unfortunate matter. Arrangements were soon made, in fact there was nothing much to arrange. With mutual salutations and compliments we parted, and I jumped into a passing vehicle, telling the driver to take me to Marina Hotel.

To me the whole affair, unless Chessman was something better than the impression he conveyed, was nothing less than butchery. I did not see how such a delicate lad should stand up against such a renowned

Before the German could reply, he picked up a glass and hurled the contents into the face of the man he had insulted.

shot as the Count with any chance of success.

I was shown up to his room.

"Well?" he said, as I entered.

"To-morrow morning, at six o'clock."

"What an unchristian hour!"

"Have you had much experience with weapons?" I inquired, taking a seat.

"Absolutely none."

His reply staggered me.

"What can you do with a revolver?"

"What can I do? I don't know. I have fired a gun once or twice, but I never succeeded in hitting anything I aimed at. I have never handled a pistol."

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"You know the Count's reputation?" and I questioned in my own mind the mental state of the youth.

"Yes; no one knows it better. What I said was true. He is a blackguard of the worst type, and he is proud of the fact."

This was said with manifest bitterness. That there was something behind it all, I knew, for the refined-looking lad was no pot-house brawler.

"Do not judge me by what you witnessed this afternoon. Miss Dorian, as you know, is very rich. She has been very good to me—I mean my sister, and I, myself, am devoted to her. Unfortunately she made the acquaintance of this scoundrel at Homburg, and for a time they were friendly. She was rather fond of him. She was only a child. She is little more now. You see the Count mixes in very good society. I understand now why husbands and fathers are afraid of his rapier.

"Before long Miss Dorian found out his true character. Naturally she tried to drop his acquaintance, but he would not be dropped. There is no villainy to which he has not stooped in order to injure her."

His lips quivered, there was just the suspicion of a tear in his eye.

"To a certain extent he has injured her reputation. I cannot tell you half the misery this wretched bully has caused her, so I determined to take the case in hand myself and punish him."

"Do you think you will? Scandal can be lived down, and with her fortune Miss Dorian can snap her fingers at anyone."

"Yes, yes," he said impatiently, "but I cannot tell you all. He has some letters of hers—and he knows how to use them—foolish letters she wrote to him in her mad infatuation."

"Is Miss Dorian fond of you? I know you are of her."

"Yes; she is fond of me."

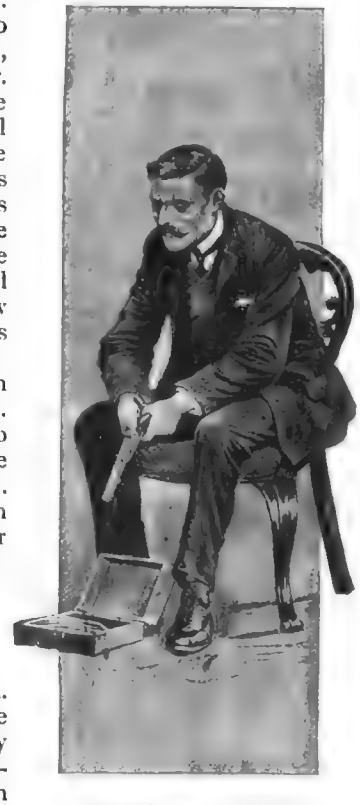
"Take my advice, marry her, and think no more of the Count. Why should you be maimed for life, or perhaps"—I did not like to say probably—"killed?"

"I feel that I shall kill him." He got up and paced the floor. "Yes, I am determined to kill him."

"Well, do you choose pistols?—I must let him know to-night."

"Yes," he answered. "I have come provided with them."

"So I see," I remarked, as I examined a case of duelling pistols of English make.



I examined a case of duelling pistols of English make.

"I am told it is best to fire on the rise," he said, and I nodded in reply to his simple question, replacing the pieces in their case.

"Now sit down, and let me appeal to you once more. You know nothing about firearms. The insult you have put upon this German may cost you your life. Do you realise that?"

"My chance is as good as his."

I shook my head.

"Well, whatever the chance is, I take it, and let God defend the right. If the worst happen"—there was a tremor in his voice and he spoke in an undertone—"you will take my keys—open my luggage here. All instructions and explanations will be found in a letter I have left for you—or will leave for you to-night, for it is not quite finished."

To my mind the result of such an encounter was a foregone conclusion. I seriously thought of warning the authorities. Von Lichen would do his best to kill him, of that I was certain.

How Chessman slept that night I don't know, but there was very little sleep for me. I could not help but admire the plucky lad who stood so gallantly by the woman he loved. My brain was busy with all kinds of plans to save him, but nothing original came to my aid. About four, I got up and had my bath, for I could not sleep. The conveyance called for me at five. Chessman was quite ready, waiting at the entrance of his hotel, and we soon drove off.

The place of meeting was off the Appian way about a mile and a half out of Rome,

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behind the remains of a ruined villa. We were first on the ground. I tried to engage him in conversation, but it was no use, the natural flow of talk would not come, so I busied myself examining the ground, at intervals cursing myself for a murderer. Chessman watched me like a man in a dream. The waiting I could see was telling on his nerves; every now and then his lip quivered. Poor lad! I can see him now. He looked so young and helpless. My heart smote me, and I wished at all costs I had stopped this duel.

Presently the rattle of wheels was heard in the still morning air, and in a few minutes the Count with his friend appeared. The former was faultlessly, one might say gaily dressed. He wore a large rose in his coat.

"I sincerely trust, gentlemen, I have not kept you waiting."

Chessman ignored him. As a matter of fact he was quite punctual and I said so. While I exchanged a few words with his second, he leisurely divested himself of his coat with the air of a man who is just a little bored. He yawned once or twice, lighted a cigarette, blowing rings into the air, and addressed me:

"Is the boy willing to apologise for his unruly conduct and ready to receive a caning from me as a discipline for the future?"

Chessman heard this insult but vouchsafed no reply. He turned deathly pale, but his eyes flashed.

"Then, sir—as I said before—I kill you," and the Count smiled coolly. "To the death!" he cried, with a dramatic wave of his hand.

"I wish it to be so," said the lad in his quiet musical voice.

"What about the distance?" inquired the principal.

"It is a matter of utter indifference to me," said the Count, strutting up and down the ground, blowing his smoke rings.

"Thank you; it is everything to me," responded Chessman.

The two men laughed aloud at his simple answer.

I drew my young friend aside, begging him not to bandy words, but to let me know what his wishes were. Then he unfolded to me his proposals, which were startling in their originality. I understood, then, what he had meant by speaking of his equal chance. His scheme certainly equalised the chances, but it did more. I smiled as I put the conditions to the Italian captain. He listened politely, but protested vigorously.

"Yes, it is quite fair; but oh, the brutality of it!"

"The bloody work will not be all on one side," I added. "If your principal be the brave man he is represented——"

"Enough, sir," he said, and he crossed over to his friend.

Suddenly the smoke rings stopped, the cigarette fell from his hand, and the mocking sneer on his face changed to one of real fear. Chessman noticed it, and a faint colour stole over his face.

"It is barbarous," said Von Lichen. "It is not a gentleman's way of settling a quarrel. He is a savage."

"Now, Count, unless you are prepared to apologise— —"

He turned upon me with a fierce oath. "This is not duelling," he said.

"Surely you are not a coward as well as a blackguard!" rang out the treble voice of my principal. "You asked to fight to the death. Let the fight begin."

"Very well," he growled through set teeth; but I could see he was more nervous than my man now.

Of the two pistols one only had to be loaded. The combatants were both to be blind-folded while they chose their weapons. They were then to stand breast to breast, still blindfolded, and fire at the word of command.

"Stay; the doctors are not here," said his second.

"I did not request their services."

"No; but I did," said Captain Costello.

While we spoke their conveyance was heard. With many apologies for being late, they asked the conditions.

"My God!" gasped one. "How terrible!"

The other merely raised his eyebrows.

While the doctors blindfolded the principals, I loaded one of the weapons—a coin was tossed up; they called and won. I held the pistols.

"Which hand will you have?" shouted his second.

"The right," he said falteringly.

When I loaded the one, I did not notice the number. There was nothing to show which was the murderous one. We placed them breast to breast, then I shook hands with poor Chessman, and he returned the pressure warmly. Never shall I forget the choking horror of the next few seconds. Nature seemed for the moment to come to a standstill. The birds ceased their chirping. Von Lichen planted his weapon with savage force close against the breast of his opponent, but Chessman I noticed with satisfaction

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immediately followed his example. The Count seemed to find a difficulty in breathing.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes," came from my man.

But at that the second saw the Count stagger—there was a choking, gurgling exclamation, and he fell to the ground. We all ran up to him.

"Why, the man is dead," said one of the doctors after a quick examination.

It was true.

"Heart seizure," he said, putting his hand within his vest.

"Yes; it's all over. It is all very sad."

But there was another surprise in store for us. Suddenly young Chessman leaned heavily upon me. I clutched him round the waist.

"What is it? Come, pull yourself together."

But he had fainted. We laid him down on the grass, and the doctors turned their attentions to him.

"It is the heat and excitement. Undo his collar, loosen his vest. Why, great heaven," he shouted, "this is a woman!"

A woman it was. A little brandy, and she opened her eyes, smiled, then swooned again. Then it dawned upon me. Of course this was the Miss Chessman I knew in England. What a fool I had been! Her voice, her manner—why, of course——

We carried her to the conveyance and drove straight to her hotel. By the time we got there she was quite herself again, and anxious to start at once to join her friend, who was in Florence, and, I learnt afterwards, ignorant of her design; but we would not hear of her travelling. Miss Dorian was wired for; I met her that night, and she heard with amazement the strange story I had to tell. Next day the two left Rome.

"Fear was responsible for Von Lichen's death," said his second to me as we walked out of the station, for he came with me to see them off. "Do you know his was the loaded pistol? But what a brave girl! No wonder England is a great nation!"

Personally, I feel that I shall never get out of the tragic atmosphere of that scene, when I saw the two standing breast to breast and knew that one must die.

The Invisible Hand that sent the Count to his death, laid its cold hand upon Von Lichen and myself, bringing with it sober thoughts and leaving two men more serious than it found them.

Von Lichen planted his weapon with savage force close against the breast of his opponent.

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5s. a Day for Life!

EVERY COMPETITOR MUST CAREFULLY READ THE WHOLE OF THIS PAGE BEFORE SENDING IN HIS OR HER ATTEMPT.

When you have read this page and fulfilled the conditions, collect all the sheets of pictures (1-141), and arrange them in numerical order—that is to say, arrange them in such a manner that the numbers of the pictures run from 1 to 141 consecutively. Then fasten the pages securely together at the top left-hand corner. Place the papers in an envelope and address it to the Editor of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., placing the word "ROYAL" in the top left-hand corner. Then post your packet to arrive not later than first post TUESDAY, MAY 12th, 1903.

- - THE PRIZE OF 5s. A DAY FOR LIFE - -

Will be given to the competitor from whom the Editor of the *Royal Magazine* actually receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

The result will appear in the ROYAL MAGAZINE.

What you have to do - - - -

ON THE NEXT PAGE you will find nine pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from their phonetic equivalents).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

You have now to examine the nine pictures on the next page, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and, when you have solved as many pictures as you can, follow the instructions at the top of this page.

CONDITIONS.

1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen.*)

2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.

3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.

4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and put it with the previous pictures.

5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be fastened together. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.

6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters *made up of the names (or their phonetic equivalents) of the object or objects* depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.

7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.

8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.

9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised. Nor shall the winner be allowed to sell or pledge such weekly payment, and his receipt alone will be recognised.

10. All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide (*any 1902 edition*), which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.

☞ **You must sign your full name and address in the space provided on the next page.**

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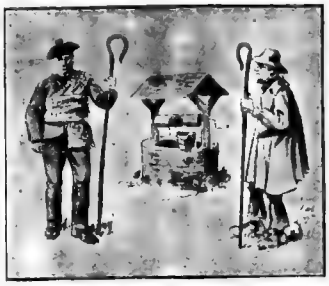

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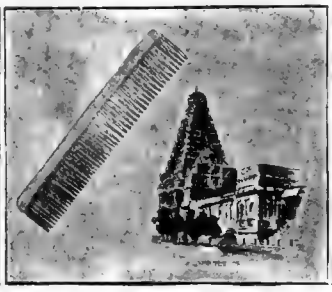

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141.....

I undertake to abide by the conditions Numbers 1 to 10 and the instructions on the preceding page.

Full Name .....

Address .....

.....

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☛ *Next month we shall have an important announcement to make regarding the adjudication of the prize of 5/- a Day for Life.*

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FACING DEATH FOR A LIVING

By W. B. NORTHROP

The Making of Explosives; its Terrible Dangers, and many Thrilling Stories of Fatal Accidents and Hair-Breadth Escapes.

In an explosive factory at Ayr a woman was employed to see that the temperature of the jars of nitro-glycerine did not exceed a certain point. One day she neglected to test a single jar; a sudden draught caused this to "fume off"—that is, to burn up without exploding. The woman, seeing this, started to run away, but in doing so, knocked over another jar which exploded and blew her through a window a distance of one hundred yards. Her clothes were torn to tatters in a very peculiar way.

Making explosives is not an occupation that appeals very strongly to the majority of persons who are obliged to earn their daily bread. Yet, there are many thousands engaged in the manufacture of dangerous substances who go about their unenviable tasks as complacently as the baker attends to the making of bread. They seem to forget that, while at their work, a particle of grit or sand, on the bottom of one's boot, a concussion of the slightest force, a ray of sunlight, or even the dropping of a pin, may cause an explosion attended by instant death.

Toilers in explosive factories console themselves with the fact that, according to carefully compiled statistics, deaths from explosions are as infrequent as deaths from any other causes.

However this may be, the fact remains that those persons who make explosives and who handle them are usually of very cheerful disposition, and never for a moment seem to think that they are spending their lives under the very shadow of death.

While modern methods of making explosives surround the worker with every precaution against accident that science can suggest, still we frequently hear of explosions attended with frightful loss of life. Despite all that may be said about the safety of this class of work, the trade is still conceded to be one of the most dangerous known to man.

There are critical moments in the making of nearly every explosive when the worker cannot tell whether the substance will explode or not, and there are times when explosions take place without any apparent cause whatsoever. A thousand and one things—of apparent insignificance—may bring about an explosion; even "spontaneous combustion," that loophole of science, playing a large part in this category.

One of the most powerful explosives known is nitro-glycerine. It is the principal constituent of dynamite, gelatinite, and other well-known explosives. Though the making of nitro-glycerine is conducted in the most careful way, accidents either from its manufacture or handling are of frequent occurrence.

Nitro-glycerine is a mixture of nitric acid and glycerine. It is made in jars which are packed in ice so that the heat generated in the chemical combination will not go above a

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certain fixed point—482 degrees Fahrenheit. Occasionally the explosive will "fume off"—or burn up—in these jars without damage; but there are other times when a jar will explode even when the heat point has not been reached.

A few years ago a singular accident took place in a nitro-glycerine factory at Ayr. The mixing department was in charge of a woman named Kate Montague, whose duty it was to test the heat in the various jars every few minutes with a small thermometer. She had tested the nitro-glycerine in six jars, and found the temperature well below the danger point. Finding that the six jars tested were "safe," she neglected to test a seventh jar which stood somewhat separated from the rest.

At that moment a travelling show of some kind chanced to pass the factory, and the woman went to the window and opened it. The draft of air which she let in seems to have affected the explosive mixture in the seventh jar, and it "fumed off."

The woman, when she saw the smoke issuing from the jar, tried to run away, fearing an explosion. In her panic she knocked down one of the jars in which nitro-glycerine was standing to cool. It immediately exploded, and the concussion was communicated to several of the other receptacles, which went off with a roar.

The woman was blown a distance of nearly one hundred yards. When picked up, her dress was found to be in a strange condition. It was literally torn into ribbons. Each strip was about one-fourth inch wide, and the rents extended from the head to the feet in perfectly straight lines. There were no marks of disfigurement on the body of the woman from the explosion itself, though the fall had bruised her shockingly. It was considered a remarkable phenomenon for the clothes to have been so curiously torn, and yet the woman herself to have escaped the usual shattering effect of these explosions.

There are certain periods in the making of explosives when these substances are very sensitive to light. When so constituted the explosive materials are made in darkened rooms in which the windows are fitted with coloured, opaque glass.

Would you believe that a mere ray of sunlight could bring about an appalling disaster? A large factory at Frankfort had several rooms the windows of which were composed of blue glass. Into these rooms large quantities of explosives were introduced when in a condition called "light sensitive."

Certain repairs were being carried on in a neighbouring building, which was separated from the explosive rooms by a narrow passage. One of the men on the roof of the building under repair, threw a hammer across to one of his companions on an adjoining scaffolding. The hammer failed to reach the scaffold, but fell, crashing through one of the blue-glass windows of the explosive room. An entire pane was shattered. The hour was three in the afternoon, and the rays of the sun were shining directly on the window. About two seconds after the hammer went through the window a terrific explosion shattered the building in which the explosives were stored, and ten persons were killed. It was proved that sunlight alone had caused the disaster.

Fulminate of mercury—used for detonating dynamite and other substances—is one of the most dangerous explosives manufactured. Many accidents occur where this substance is made or handled.

"Fulminate will blow up if you look at it," said the superintendent of a well-known Waltham Abbey explosive works to the writer recently. "Just to give you an idea of how sensitive to explosion it is, I might mention the case of poor William Byrnes, who was killed in March, 1900. Byrnes was a careful and conscientious man, and had worked in an explosive factory all his life. He was very fond of experimenting, however, and used to indulge considerably in what he was pleased to term 'original research.'

"One day he took home with him from the factory about an ounce of fulminate for the purpose of coating some new detonators which he had invented.

"He spread the fulminate out on a paper when he got home, but found that the grains were not fine enough for his purpose. He proceeded to rub the fulminate with his thumb on the paper, trying to grind it down a little.

"He was rubbing the substance carefully and slowly, so as not to generate any heat, when it exploded. The whole of poor Byrnes' forearm was literally blown off, and his body was sent through the window of his house. He was frightfully injured. Five grains of fulminate are sufficient to blow a man's hand off, so you can imagine the effect of an ounce.

"The force of the explosion is thought to have set off some other explosive stuff in the house at the time, for the whole side of the building was torn out, and dreadful havoc wrought in every direction. The general opinion is that Byrnes had quite a lot of

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A man named Byrnes was preparing some fulminate—a terribly explosive substance—for coating detonators. Suddenly it blew up, tearing off the unfortunate man's forearm and dashing his body through the window of his house.

gelatinite—a species of dynamite—in his cottage. Fortunately, there was no one else at home at the time of the accident.

"Another curious accident. A man was making cordite into the characteristic string-like lengths that this substance takes. He was reeling the stuff from one spool to another, when one of the strings parted. When cordite breaks it is cemented together with acetone. Near by stood a pan of this last-named substance.

"The man dipped his hand into the pan of acetone, when immediately a spark was seen to jump from his finger and run along the edge of the pan. Quicker than a wink the room was in a blaze. When a small fire starts in these explosive factories it seems to spread with lightning-like rapidity.

"A sheet of white flame literally shot across the room. The man managed to get out of the burning building before the smoke and fumes suffocated him.

"These modern explosive factories have everything so well systematised that the fire was soon under control.

"An investigation was then started into the cause of the fire. A very strange fact was brought out. It was this. In reeling the cordite through his hands the man had generated a considerable amount of electricity. He had on rubber boots, and as he was insulated against the floor and the current could not pass from his body, he became literally an electric condenser, or human Leyden jar for the time being. When his finger came in contact with the metal in the acetone pan, a conductor was formed for the electricity stored in his body—hence the spark which jumped from his finger. Had this spark been thrown into black powder, the man's life would have been snuffed out in a second. Even as it was, he had one of the narrowest escapes on record."

There seem to be a great many more accidents in places where black powder is made than in those which turn out what are called the "higher explosives," such as dynamite, gun-cotton, cordite, and the like. A great element of danger in black powder factories is due to the very fine dust which fills the

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A workman in an explosive factory was reeling strings of cordite from one spool to another, when a string suddenly parted. There was a pan of acetone close at hand, to be used for fastening the broken ends together. But no sooner had the man's hand touched the metal bowl in which it was kept than the electricity which had been accumulating in his body from the friction with the cordite flashed out and set the whole room in a blaze. The man only just escaped suffocation.

atmosphere, and which rests upon everything. Most of the big accidents in powder-mills have been caused by the ignition of this almost invisible dust.

At a factory on the outskirts of Paris, a very remarkable accident from powder-dust occurred. M. Robaud, who owned this factory, employed about three hundred persons. The powder works were somewhat antiquated; for, instead of consisting of a number of small detached buildings, they were made up of one long hall, and but two other smaller buildings.

One afternoon, just as the factory was about to cease work, a plumber was called in to fix a water-pipe leading to the hydraulic press which made the powder "mill cake." The plumber crawled under the press, and an electric light on a wire was passed in under the press, so that he could see, M. Robaud himself handing him the light. Somehow or other the glass bulb of the light struck against the ironwork and was shattered. A small piece of hot platinum wire detached itself from the light and fell upon the floor. Immediately a blaze sprang up from the floor. The fine dust from the powder under the press had ignited.

M. Robaud turned away from the press and shouted for everyone to run for their lives. Before more than twenty persons could leave the building, however, a terrific explosion took place. Though eighteen persons were killed, the plumber, who was

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under the press, escaped with his life. This was due to the fact that he was practically within a metal box, and shielded from the flame and shock of the disaster.

One of the workmen was found on the roof of a building about fifty feet away from the house in which the explosion took place. A very singular fact about this explosion was that some horses in the neighbourhood had their shoes blown off their feet. Scientists have said that in these explosions considerable electrical energy is generated from sudden atmospheric disturbance, and this may account for the horses' metal shoes having been torn off.

Though dynamite has been in use many years, and its manufacture is very extensive, there seems still to be a great deal of doubt as to just how it will conduct itself under certain circumstances.

Many curious explosions have occurred in connection with this substance. The London agent of an extensive explosive company on the Continent has supplied the writer with some facts concerning two remarkable dynamite explosions.

"You wouldn't think a bucket of water could blow up, would you?" he said in a recent interview. "Well, it can. Dynamite freezes very easily, and in order to thaw it out, it is usually placed in what we call 'warming pans.' These warming pans are compartments, one within the other, the outer of which contains warm water, while within the inner one will be placed sticks of dynamite.

"As a rule, miners seem to think that the manufactured warming pans are not much good, and some of them improvise their own. Very often terrible accidents occur from this cause.

"A few years ago at the Radyr Quarry, Llandaff, a miner had some dynamite which was frozen. He set a metal bucket full of water on his stove and placed the dynamite in it. He successfully thawed the explosive in this way without being blown to atoms, which was pure luck.

"A few hours afterwards he started to make some tea, and, as the water in which the dynamite had been placed looked greasy, he decided to throw it out of the window.

"Raising the window, the miner threw out the 'greasy' water. No sooner had it struck the ground than there was a great explosion, which shook the whole district. The cottage was wrecked and the man instantly killed, his body having been found some distance away and in an unrecognisable condition.

"There are many instances of dynamite exploding in water. The cause is simple. When dynamite is placed in water, a considerable quantity of nitro-glycerine is likely to exude from the dynamite into the water. The water at once becomes an explosive mixture, and is easily detonated by a slight shock.

A miner once had occasion to thaw some frozen dynamite in a bucket of water. Later on, he threw the water out of the window. No sooner had it struck the ground than it exploded, a small quantity of nitro-glycerine having been exuded from the dynamite. The miner's cottage was shattered by the explosion and the miner killed

"At Craig, Montrose," continued my informant, "several years ago, five men were killed by the blowing up of their coffee. They had thawed some dynamite in water, with which they subsequently started to make coffee. The coffee was made by letting the water drip through a rag. Had not one of them complained of the coffee being cold, all the men might have been alive to-day. In order to warm the beverage, it was placed on the stove. In a few minutes it exploded, and the detonation set off ten sticks of dynamite which were stored in a box under the bed. The cottage was blown to pieces, and the men's bodies were hurled distances varying from fifty to one hundred feet."

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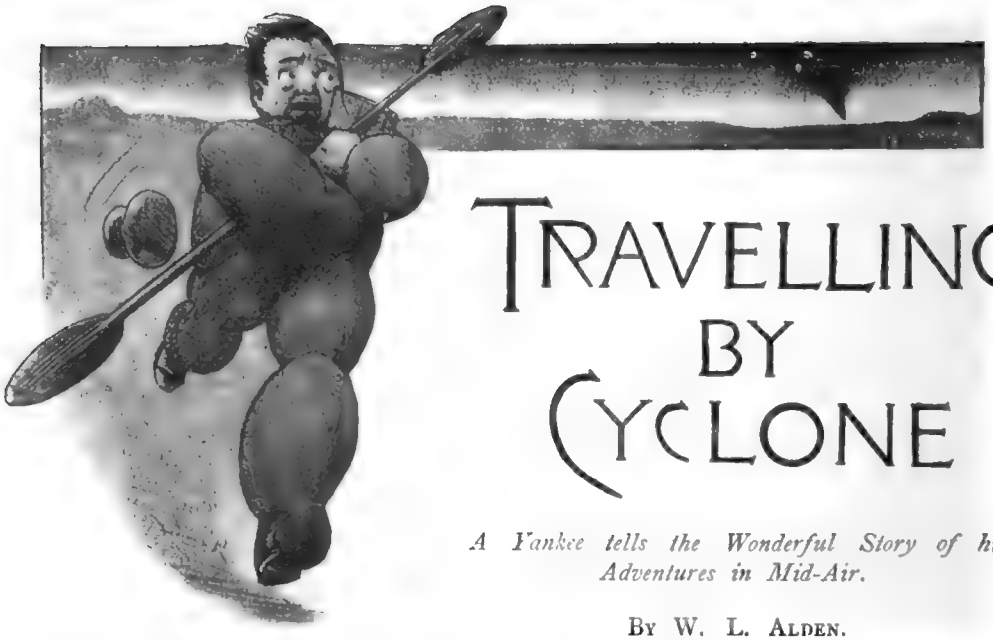

TRAVELLING BY CYCLONE

A Yankee tells the Wonderful Story of his Adventures in Mid-Air.

By W. L. Alden.

"I don't deny," said the Englishman, "that your American trains may occasionally make eighty or ninety miles an hour for a short distance, but what I maintain is that for a long distance train, the Flying Scotchman is the fastest in the world."

"There's where your insularity comes in," said the man from New York. "You simply ignore everything outside of your own dominions. Why, you couldn't have a long distance train in your little island if you tried. Any fast train would run off the side of England and drop into the sea, after a four hours run.

"Now, in point of fact, the train that keeps up the highest speed for the longest distance isn't either English or American. It's the French Sud Express. It beats our Empire State express by nearly a mile an hour, and yet I don't believe that you have ever heard of it, and I'll admit that I never met but one American who had."

"You can say what you like," remarked the man from Minnesota, "America can beat the world in everything. I've travelled one hundred and forty miles in an hour and a half in Northern Minnesota, and I rather calculate that there ain't any railroad in England or France that can beat that."

"You don't ask us to believe that you travelled at a rate of over a hundred miles an hour by rail?" said the Englishman. "Did you do it by balloon, or by wireless telegraph?"

"No, sir! Not by any of them," replied the Minnesota man. "I just travelled by a plain ordinary Minnesota cyclone. I'll tell you all about it if you want to listen. We've got half-an-hour yet before that Dutchman blows his dinner bugle.

"Did you ever happen to hear of Captain Boyton? He was an American who invented what he called a life-saving suit. It was a coat and trousers of indiarubber, and if you were shipwrecked, and sort of felt that you'd like to save your life, all you had to do, according to Boyton, was to send ashore and buy a life-saving suit, and put it on and blow it up, and then lie down on your back in the water and paddle yourself ashore with a double-bladed paddle.

"Boyton made a lot of cruises on our big rivers dressed in his rubber suit. He carried red and green lights on either beam, and a deck-load of provisions, and water, and cigars; and if he had only fitted himself with a propeller, with bilge keels to keep himself from rolling, and a brass band to play at dinner time, he might have gone into the Atlantic trade, and perhaps broke the record for speed between New York and Southampton, just as this German ship that we're on is calculating to do this trip.

"I was living up on the northern edge of Minnesota at the time Boyton was becoming famous for his solitary cruises, and I got the notion that I would do the same thing, only in a little better style. Among other things, I

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calculated to carry a hand-organ on my upper deck, and connect the crank with a screw propeller, and so keep myself and the music going at the same time.

"My idea was to cruise down the Mississippi, stopping to deliver temperance lectures on the way, so as to pay my expenses and have a little something over for a big blow out when I should arrive at New Orleans. Well, I got a Boyton suit, and improved it till Boyton himself wouldn't have known it. Then I practised with it a while on the pond down in my pasture, and was getting the hang of the thing pretty well, when there was an Indian insurrection along the border of the State.

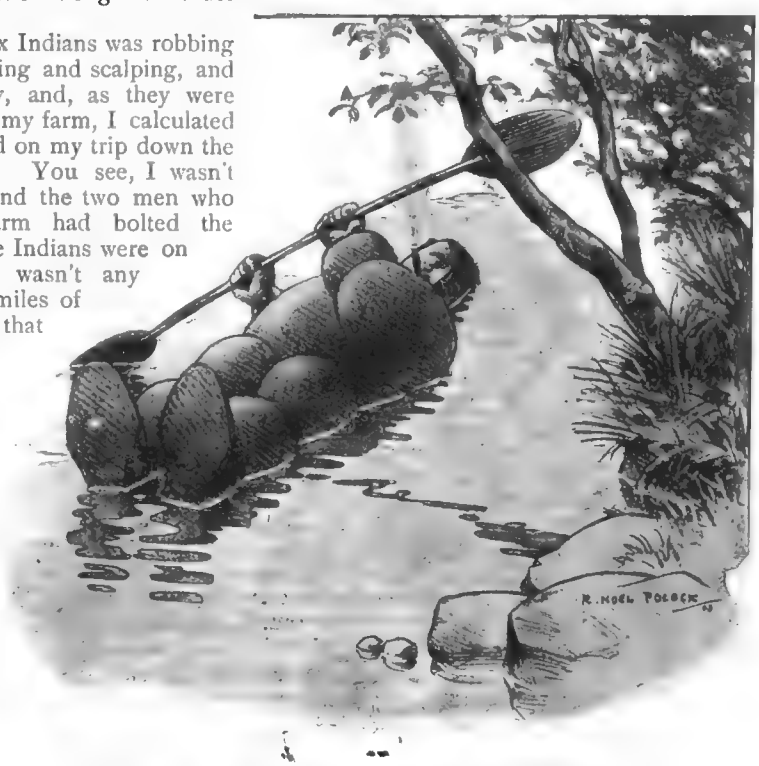
"A big band of Sioux Indians was robbing and burning, and killing and scalping, and raising Cain generally, and, as they were within a few miles of my farm, I calculated that the sooner I started on my trip down the Mississippi the better. You see, I wasn't married at the time, and the two men who helped me on the farm had bolted the moment they heard the Indians were on the war path. There wasn't any settlement within ten miles of my place, and I knew that if the Indians paid me a visit, there wouldn't be much use in trying to stand them off with a single rifle.

"So I put on my life-saving suit, and loaded myself with provisions and such, and started about ten o'clock one morning to walk to the river, which was about half a mile from my house, calculating that if the Indians came that way they would never think of looking for me on the surface of the river.

"I hadn't got above fifty rods from the house when I heard a whoop, and, looking around, I saw a dozen mounted Indians on the hill back of my house, riding straight for me.

"I couldn't do much running at the best, and a Boyton suit isn't much help to a man who wants to win a race. Besides, I saw well enough that, no matter how I might run, the Indians were bound to catch me before I could get to the river. I made up my mind then and there that my hair was as good as gone; but, all the same, I made the best time I could.

"Presently I happened to notice a big, funnel-shaped cloud sweeping down on me from the north. The end of it was close to the ground, and I knew at once that it was the biggest kind of a cyclone. It was travelling so fast that, within a minute or two after I saw it, I could hear the roar of it. The Indians saw it too, and they pulled up to wait and see whether it would pass clear of them, or whether they would have to ride for their lives.



"I got a Boyton suit, and practised with it on the pond."

"I saw well enough, from the way the cyclone was heading, that it would pass just about where I was, and that, if I wanted to escape it, I must double back towards the Indians. That naturally didn't suit me, and seeing that it was a choice between the cyclone and the Indians, I chose the cyclone. So I ran on, aiming to meet it full tilt, supposing that it would either kill me on the spot, or at any rate carry me so far from the Indians before it did kill me, that they wouldn't have any show for my scalp.

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"If it hadn't been for the Boyton suit I suppose the cyclone would have knocked the breath out of me for good; but the suit being blown up acted like a life-preserver, or an air cushion buffer. My breath was knocked out of me for maybe a minute or so, but presently I found myself about fifty feet in the air, as I should judge, sailing round and round in a circle, and feeling on the whole pretty middling comfortable.

"A cyclone, I ought to tell you, always carries a lot of things with it—timber and roofs of houses, and cattle, and such things that happen to be in its way, and get picked up and carried off. There was a good collection of planks and fence rails and small rubbish in that particular cyclone, but by good luck I didn't hit any of them when I boarded it, and when I was fairly revolving in the circle all the rest of the freight kept at the same distance from me that it was at first, and I didn't seem to be in any particular danger from it.

"But I knew the cyclone would keep on taking in freight on its way south, and the chances were mighty good that some big bit of timber would come sailing up from the earth and knock me out of time.

"However, there was one thing that troubled me more than the chances of fresh freight, and that was a cat that was travelling with me, and didn't seem to like it. He was a big black cat, and when I noticed him the first time he was about three yards behind me, swinging around the circle the same as I was doing. His fur stood out on end all over him, which I suppose was the result of the electricity that a cyclone is always full of. He was clawing the air for all he was worth, and swinging his tail from side to side, and snapping his jaws as if he was yelling at the top of his lungs, as he probably was, though the roar of the cyclone was so loud that I couldn't hear anything else.

"By-and-by it struck me that he was getting a little nearer to me than he had been, and then I saw what he was aiming at. He wanted company, and was trying to catch up with me and climb on my back. If he succeeded it was certain that his claws would puncture my Boyton suit, which would of course collapse, and be of no use to me when the time came for the cyclone to drop me. You see that what with clawing the air and using his tail like the oar of a man sculling a boat, the cat was making slow progress towards me, and in the course of time was bound to catch up with me.

"The cat and I, and the freight generally, were sailing round in a circle of about thirty feet in diameter, and at the rate, as I judged after a careful calculation, of about forty miles an hour. There wasn't any sort of jarring about the motion, and if I had shut my eyes, I shouldn't have known that I wasn't lying perfectly still.

"There wasn't anything to be seen outside of the cyclone, except now and then the top of a tree or a church steeple, for what with the mist and dust that it carried along, you could no more see through it than you could through the windows of a London lawyer's office.

"It was light enough to see plainly in the inside of the cyclone—about as light, for instance, as it is in a moderate London fog. Take it altogether, it wasn't so uncomfortable as you might think, and if it hadn't been for that cat, and for thinking what would happen when the cyclone petered out and let me fall, I should rather have enjoyed the trip, especially when I remembered that I had got the best of the Indians.

"Half-an-hour after we started—or rather after I started—we took aboard another passenger, though I couldn't say at what station he came aboard. He was an Irishman so far as I could judge from his looks, and his place in the cyclone was nearly opposite to me. Of course I couldn't have made him hear, no matter how I might have roared at him, so I didn't even try to say good-morning, or to speak about the weather.

"As a matter of fact, I wasn't sure whether the man was alive, or dead, or drunk. He sailed along in pretty near a horizontal position, with his eyes shut, and he never made a movement of any kind. Maybe he was stunned when the cyclone struck him, or had hit his head against some of the freight. At any rate he remained perfectly still, and I don't know to this day whether he was alive and enjoying his trip, or dead and taking no particular interest in it.

"All the time that beastly cat kept getting nearer and nearer. He had covered about a yard of the distance between us, when the new passenger joined us, and I wished that I could make him see the propriety of making up to the newcomer instead of to me.

"But you can never convince a cat that he has made a mistake about anything, and that cat was bound to come up to me and make my acquaintance, no matter how many other passengers we might have. I tried to turn myself round a little so as to be able to fetch him one over the head with my boot in case

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"The cat and I were sailing round in a circle of about thirty feet in diameter."

he came near enough, but I found that although I could move my arms and legs and turn my head, I couldn't get leverage enough on the air to turn my body.

"But after a little while it struck me that, if the cat could get nearer to me by working his legs, I ought to be able to get further away from him by the same process. So I set to work, and went through the motions of swimming. In a little while I saw that I had increased the distance between me and the cat, and that made me feel more contented with things. However, it was slow work, swimming in the air, and as soon as I had gained as much as a foot on the cat I stopped, and waited for him to come on again.

"The cyclone kept on its way at a perfectly steady pace, just as if it was run by a first-class engineer, who knew how to get up speed and then keep it. Once it picked up a barrel that came flying up from the earth and passed within an inch of my head. It startled me considerable, but it didn't do any harm, and, when it had gone a few yards higher than I was, it settled down and circled round quietly with the other things.

"The other live passenger—the Irishman, I mean—left the cyclone when I happened to be occupied with the cat, and I didn't see him leave. If he was really alive, and jumped, he did an awfully reckless thing, for no man in his senses would risk jumping from a cyclone in motion. Probably he happened to get a little too near the edge of the cyclone, and it sort of fired him out.

It was just then that a feather bed came sailing up under the cat, and there he was as comfortable as you please, lying on the soft feather bed, and sailing around the circle,

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and spitting at me as he went by, as if he considered me the scum of the earth. That was just a cat's luck.

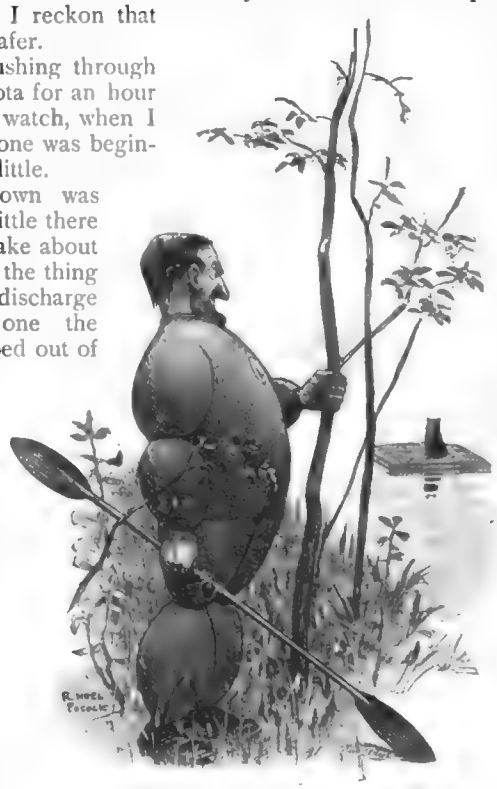
"The bed took up a position almost immediately above my head, which was in one way an advantage, for it shut the cat out of my sight. On the other hand if it had been under me it would have protected me from anything else that might be picked up, and carried up into my part of the cyclone. The fact is I can't altogether praise the way in which that cyclone was run. It didn't compare in any way for comfort with an ordinary express train, though I reckon that on the whole it was safer.

"We had been rushing through the State of Minnesota for an hour and a quarter by my watch, when I noticed that the cyclone was beginning to slow down a little.

"This slowing down was gradual, but after a little there couldn't be any mistake about it. In proportion as the thing slowed it began to discharge freight. One by one the heavier articles dropped out of sight, and I fancied that I and the cat and the other things were sinking down nearer to the earth.

"All of a sudden the brakes seemed to be put on hard, and the cyclone stopped altogether. I dropped, as near as I could judge at the time, about ten thousand feet, though I don't suppose it was more than fifty feet at the furtherest, and I landed on my back in a pond.

"I couldn't sink because of that Boyton suit, and I felt pretty well pleased with myself on account of my foresight in putting it on. With the stopping of the cyclone the weather seemed to clear up instantly, and I could see that it was bright sunlight, and that beyond a lot of odd bits of timber, and a feather bed with a cat sitting up smiling in the middle of it, there was nothing visible on the surface of the pond, and nothing anywhere that would have made you think that a cyclone had passed that way.



"I could see a feather bed with a cat sitting up, smiling, in the middle of it."

"I didn't lose much time in getting ashore, for the pond wasn't half a mile wide in any place. I didn't say good-bye to the cat, for the beast swore at me when he saw that I was leaving him, and I wasn't willing to encourage such bad manners. I heard afterwards that he got ashore in the course of the day, but he was so proud of having been a passenger in a cyclone, that he wouldn't have anything to do with ordinary people or ordinary cats. So a committee of local dogs investigated him, and when ready to make their report, there wasn't enough of that cat left for identification.

"I walked a mile or so to the nearest village, which I found was called West Sardinapolisville, and was situated one hundred and thirty-nine miles south of the place where I took the cyclone. We had done the trip in a little less than an hour and a half, and as I calculate it, our rate of speed was very near one hundred miles an hour. There had been no slowing down at up grades, and around curves, but we kept the same gait all the while we were in motion. If you can mention any railroad train in England or France, or elsewhere, that is as fast as that cyclone, I'd like to know what it is.

"No, sir! I've never made a practice of travelling by cyclone since that first trip, but if ever I want to get anywhere in a hurry, and there is a cyclone handy, I shall take it. It's the quickest and about the safest way of travelling, and if some one of our smart railroad men—say Pierpont Morgan—were to undertake the management of cyclones and make a few improvements in the running of them, such, for instance, as the separation of the freight and passenger business, and the strict prohibition of cats, the cyclone would become one of the most popular institutions of our great and glorious country."

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In Camp With The C.L.B.

The Romantic Story of an Army of Boys nearly a Quarter of a Million Strong.

By Rev. E. D. Finch-Smith, B.A.

"Captain" of St. George's Portsea Company.

The Church Lads' Brigade—better known to its members and friends as the "C.L.B."—is, perhaps, one of the most practically useful organisations that we have amongst us to-day, with a high purpose to inculcate in "lads of all classes lessons of reverence, discipline, self respect, and all that tends to Christian manliness."

It has, however, a result beyond these things, and one that—in an Empire which makes almost a boast of the smallness of its army—is worthy of great consideration, viz., that the C.L.B. is undoubtedly daily adding a really effective reserve to the Imperial forces. Its members all over the world are growing up not only physically well developed in its local gymnasia, but also disciplined and carefully trained in the use of arms under officers and instructors of the regular Army.

That this fact is duly estimated and appreciated is shown by the War Department's ready compliance with a request of the governing body to detail an officer to inspect the annual camps held in different parts of the country, and in most cases the G.O. commanding the district is selected for this duty, and his report goes in to the War Office and is forwarded with a letter of comment to the C.L.B. Commandant.

The movement commenced in the year 1891 by the drilling of a dozen lads at the parish of St. Andrew's, Fulham, under Mr. Gee (who now well fills the post of Organising Secretary and Chief Staff Officer).

As numbers increased, a simple equipment of forage cap, belt, and haversack was provided

Domestic details of camp life—the orderlies washing the dirty plates and dishes.

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At 5.30 a.m. the *reveillé* is sounded, and the camp prepares for inspection.

for the lads. The idea spreading to other places, a central committee was formed, and to-day the Brigade consists of over 200,000 members, divided up into seventy-one "regiments," ninety-seven "battalions," 1110 "companies" in the British Isles, 112 in the British Colonies, with over 5000 commissioned, and 1000 warrant officers.

Let us pay a visit to the Camp. Everyone looks forward to this function, to the pleasure of it, to the utility of it. Happy in the presence of so many retired officers amongst its members, who are willing in numerous cases to descend from commanding a regiment of the line to look after a "company" of perhaps only thirty lads, no difficulty is experienced in obtaining a suitable commandant and camp staff. The fact that a busy bishop can make time to go under canvas for the week—as has happened the last year or two—is excellent testimony to the value that is attached to the work in high quarters, and a guarantee that the spiritual side of the movement is by no means forgotten.

A bugler of the C.L.B.

Of the labour that falls to the lot of the general secretary and the transport officer little more need be said than that they have enough. The difficulty of knowing whether this or that lad can "get off," and all the attendant uncertainties of the various trades and shops in which lads are engaged, make the last month before camp a burden to these gentlemen and two men at least are heartily thankful when the Sunday dinner-time arrives, and they are assured that the food supply is sufficient, and that the blankets and sheets will go round.

But someone will say, "How are the tents got up?" and visions of hired labourers putting everything ready for the incoming weekly tenants flit across his mind.

The C.L.B. is not built that way.

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Some two or three days before camp a score of eager, stalwart youths may be seen, kit bags on shoulder, stepping out strongly towards some sea-girt fields, where on arrival a methodical pegging out of "claims" for marquees for "Church," canteens, recreation, officers' and sergeants' messes, quarter-master's stores, etc., at once commences, and, acting on the carefully compiled plan of the secretary, symmetrical lines of bell tents begin gradually to appear.

Then on the great day of the arrival, as company after company arrive, hand in their "papers," and having been inspected by the C.O., are dismissed, N.C.O.'s bring up their fatigue parties, attend to their blankets, sheets, pails, brooms, and lanterns, while others are examining tent ropes and making pegs secure against the chance of bad weather or—print it small, Mr. Editor!—the possibility of an attempt at "tent-dropping" in the night.

Then supper, "lights out," and the disgust of the older campaigners as their slumbers are checked by the talking of lads who have, perhaps, never been away from home before, and, being unable in their strange surroundings to sleep, deny others that desirable boon after a hard day.

The ordinary routine of a day in camp is much as follows: 5.30, *reveillé*; 5.45, cocoa and biscuit rations, after which tents are rolled up and tidied; 6.30, adjutant's parade, when companies are told off to practise specified drill under their own "captains"; 7.30, lads' breakfast; 8, officers' and staff-sergeants' breakfast; 9, inspection of lines; 10, C.O.'s parade; 12, bathing parade; 1, lads' and staff-sergeants' dinner; 1.30, officers' lunch; 6, lads' tea; 7, officers' mess and staff-sergeants' supper; 8, entertainment; 9.30, prayers and first post; 9.45, last post; 10, lights out.

This needing to the uninitiated some further exposition, we append a few notes based on our experience of several camps: 5.30 a.m.! how long it seems to be in coming! when will that bugle blow? I wonder if I shall sleep at all in camp! I wonder if anybody has had a wink! Ah! at last. "Tumble out, you chaps!" "Who's orderly?" . . . "Private Thomas, go and get some water—look slippy now, or you'll have to wait ever so long. . . ." "I say, I believe I forgot to pack any soap!" "Where is my other boot?"

Then the sergeant. "Now then, fetch that bedding out—oh, Lance-Corpl. Wilson won't wake up, won't he?—just pass that water

Ready for inspection: the camp is organised on military lines, and everything is done with military precision and neatness.

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A full muster at church parade.

along and we'll soon see to him. Here, Sergt. Taylor, just show these fellows how to fold their blankets; you know how particular the colonel is—no, Smith, you are *not* to put the waterproof sheet on top!"

Then the sergt.-major with the captain; "Here, lads, I say, this line won't do at all. No. 3 tent, your bedding is like a sack of potatoes! And, good gracious! look at those rifles stuck like a lot of peasticks! That's better, lads. Our line was said to be the best in camp last year, and we're not going back on that, I hope."

The scene changes. Drawn up in ordered ranks, boots with a creditable polish—in spite of only two "shiners" to a tent of eight—buckles brilliant, and carbines fit for any soldier, the battalions are standing with heads bared as the chaplain begins their morning's work with prayer, and then rings out the dear old brigade hymn, with its golden precepts of fighting bravely and living straightly.

Then comes the C.O.'s turn, and companies are deployed and practised in the varied movements which are to be offered to the inspecting officer in a couple of days' time.

At noon the joyful word "dismiss" sends hundreds racing to their tents to doff equipment and ransack kit-bags for "bathing gear," and very speedily, towels on necks, all are doubling down to dip in the sea.

Next dinner—technically known as "cook-house door"—the one call that everybody knows! Orderlies are properly paraded, ration returns produced, portions served out to the sergeants of tents, and so we are fed.

The afternoon is the lads' own. There is generally one big cricket match—the Camp *v.* the local village—besides inter-company cricket and shooting competitions, and on visitors' day the athletic sports are held, for which a good sum is collected in the officers' mess, as also for the swimming races the following day.

The great event is, of course, the inspection.

Last year its grandeur was enhanced by the arrival of the War Office official on a motor-car.

The general tenor of his comments has usually been gratified wonder at the discipline and order of the camp, the smartness of the drill movements, and the cleanliness of the "turn-out."

If he only knew, he is not the only one so pleasantly surprised. Even those concerned in it marvel how lads, drawn oftentimes from dingy streets and careless homes, and only meeting in any numbers once a year, can show up and work so well together. Their smartness and tractability are a great testimony

A "full dress" review.

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to the untiring energy of individual officers in company work throughout the year. Everything in camp is done by the lads themselves, except the officers' and staff-sergeants' messes, these being under contract.

The canteen, for instance, the takings in which during the week amount sometimes to a couple of hundred pounds, is managed by boys under a capable staff-sergeant.

The important item of dinner served by the camp orderlies.

There is generally a sham fight, in which both sides always claim the victory, and heated debates on the point are often settled by single combat, in which two champions, armed with boxing-gloves, are blindfolded and goaded on by the uproarious shouts of their amused supporters.

Every evening an entertainment is arranged in the recreation tent, and, as officers and lads contribute, a variety of talent is unearthed. It is very encouraging and instructive to all who have the higher motive behind all this "secular" work, to see how, at the conclusion of some screaming farce, the lads will readily sober down to listen to a four minutes' practical talk on some of the deeper things of life, and join in reverent prayer before retiring to their tents.

A word as to expenses. How is it all done?

Well, it is not a "charity outing!"

On the principle that what they don't pay for they don't value, the lads save up and contribute about ten shillings per head, which in most cases is allowed to cover their train fare as well as the week's camping out.

On the last day—that sad day!—as many have to go away early if they are to reach home the same night and buy presents for "mother and little sis," *reveillé* sounds at 4.30, thus giving the last sentry party a shorter night to compensate for its extra anxiety, and at 6 a.m. tents are struck, stores returned, camp cleaned, kit bags packed, and a conversation somewhat like the following takes place:

Sergt. Lawrence: "Well, so long, old chap! Enjoyed it?"

Sergt. Wint: "Wish it was only just beginning!" (*The company call sounds*). "Hallo! we're off. Ta, ta! Be good. See you next year. Right o!"

The camp kitchen, managed just like the kitchen of a regiment under canvas.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

THIS new feature is becoming even more popular each month, and for some time now Mr. X has been quite overwhelmed by communications from interested readers. As it would be absolutely impossible to reply to each one individually, Mr. X wishes to take this opportunity of thanking all who have written to him. Some readers may perhaps feel disappointed that the puzzles they have forwarded have not yet received recognition, but it must be borne in mind that, owing to the enormous circulation of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, each issue is in the hands of the printers nearly two months before publication; and, furthermore, many puzzles which readers may have thought new are really old—though none the worse for that; in fact, some of the best puzzles which will be published were old when we were young, and evidently are already known to many readers of THE ROYAL.

As mentioned last month, Mr. X has some Puzzle Penknives which he intends to give as prizes to any readers who forward new puzzles, problems, or other tricks which can be inserted in this feature.

All letters must be addressed to Mr. "X." (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.*

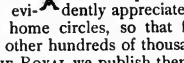
FIVE FINE OLD CHESTNUTS.

The many hundreds of readers who have forwarded to Mr. X the five puzzles given below have evidently appreciated them in their own home circles, so that for the benefit of the other hundreds of thousands of readers of THE ROYAL we publish them here. Nos. 1-4 are all sensible sentences if read correctly. The solutions will be found on page 546.

1. **Stand take to taking**
I you throw my

2. **If the B m t put:**
If the B. putting:

3. **Captain bbbb sent his cccc into the**



to dig pot oooooooo.

4. 0
Be D

5. An address on an envelope which was correctly deciphered by the Post Office officials:

Wood
John
Hants.

TWO CONUNDRUMS.

I went to India and I stopped there. I was sent back because I never went there.

What am I?

I went to the wood and I got it; when I got it I looked for it; the more I looked for it the less I liked it, and I brought it home with me because I could not find it.

What am I?

TWO WORDS THAT PUZZLED QUEEN VICTORIA.

A good evening's enjoyment can always be obtained with a box of letters. A word is chosen by someone, and the letters forming it are jumbled up and then placed on the table, the prize being given to the first person who discovers the word chosen. Here are two examples:

A B E N O T Y
A A B E L R T Y

Each of these combinations of letters forms an English word. The story goes that these were the only two words that actually puzzled Queen Victoria. Her Majesty, by the way, was very fond of this amusement.

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Another Batch of Catches.

[*N.B.—Beware of trying these catches on anyone who already knows them.*]

A. Sharp: "A frog was trying to get up a slippery bank twelve feet high. In the first twelve hours he climbs eight feet, but in next twelve hours he loses four feet. How long will he be in reaching the top?"

B. Flat after much calculation gives it up.

A. Sharp: "Why, having lost his four feet, how could he get to the top at all?"

(Collapse of B. Flat.)

"How do you pronounce T O ?"

"Too."

"And T O O ?"

"Too."

"And T W O?"

"Too, of course."

"Well, how do you pronounce the second day of the week?"

"Tuesday."

"Really now, I always thought the second day was Monday."

(*Scene: A club smoking-room. Present,* Mr. Smith *and* Mr. Robinson.)

Smith: "I'll bet you five shillings that I make you say 'no, I haven't' when I ask you a question."

Robinson: "I'll bet you five shillings that you don't."

Smith (*booking bet*): "Done."

Robinson: "Fire away. What's the question, though?"

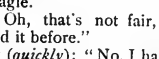
Smith: "This—which would you rather be an owl or an eagle? Now, think carefully?"

Robinson (*reflectively*): "H'm—let's see—well, an eagle."

Smith: "Oh, that's not fair, old chap. You've heard it before."

Robinson (*quickly*): "No, I haven't."

Smith: "Thanks. I'll trouble you for that Five Bob, I've won."



Why is an umbrella like a pancake?

Ans. Because it is seldom seen after Lent.

This clever illustration will be found to be made up of the numerals 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. For instance, the legs form the 4, the body the 8, and so on. Readers are invited to forward to Mr. "X." other curiously constituted designs. Any that are used will be paid for.

The Elephant on the Shilling.

Take an ordinary old shilling, *i.e.*, the sort issued in the seventies, on which Queen Victoria is represented without her crown, and pointing to the head side ask your victim if he can find the elephant on the shilling.

If at all smart he will experience little difficulty in discovering a very praiseworthy representation of that quadruped in the upper portion of her late Majesty's head, the hair knot in the Grecian style forming the animal's head, ears, and trunk. (By putting the finger across the coin so as to hide everything below an imaginary line joining the only two "g's" in the circular superscription the elephant is isolated to the best advantage.)

As soon as he has proudly pointed this out ask him in your most ingratiating tone to now find the one on the other—the tail — side, implying it to be a much better one, as indeed it is.

Give the unfortunate plenty of time for this hunt (you will enjoy it all the more), and when you consider the time ripe and your rapid exit fully prepared, take the coin from him and call his attention to the "O N E" thereon, impressing upon him that you asked him if he could find the *one* on the other side with no reference to elephants at all!

A Snaky Problem.

Suppose a circle were formed of live snakes, each with its tail in the mouth of the snake just behind it, whilst the tail of the last snake is in the mouth of the first. Suppose that each continues to gobble up the snake whose tail it is gripping in its mouth, what will be the ultimate result of the process?

This problem must not be taken too seriously!

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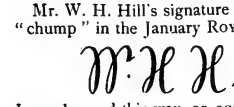
A Good Trick.

Get a large-necked bottle or jar and a peeled orange. The orange must pass in and out of the neck of the bottle without touching. Place the orange in the jar and turn the jar upside down on the table. Now ask any lady or gentleman to carry the jar (still containing the orange, which, of course, is then resting on the table)—still bottom upwards—round the room, and place it again on the table without dropping the orange.

The only way to do it is to grasp the jar firmly with both hands as far round as possible, and then, continually and quickly moving and jerking it in a circle, keep the orange circling round inside the jar. It is only with practice that this can be accomplished with any degree of success.

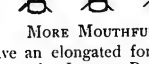
Reversible Words.

Mr. W. H. Hill's signature is like the word "chump" in the January Royal.



It can be read this way, or equally well with the page turned upside down. So, too, can the coined word

One of our readers, who is a schoolmaster, gives this word to his class as a test of penmanship. Barring the dots to the "i's" it should, if written correctly, read equally well either way up.



More Mouthfuls.

We gave an elongated form of the word 'Iodate" in the January Royal. Here are two other good examples:

Phthlognyrrh = Turner.
Poughphtheighphthough = Potato.

The former is made up thus:

T=*phth* as in phthisis.
UR=*olo* as in colonel.
N=*gn* as in gnat.
ER=*yrrh* as in myrrh.

We leave it to the ingenuity of our readers to decipher the latter.

Lessons in Evolution.

We have shown in previous issue how to prove that "a sheet of foolscap" is "a lazy dog," and that "a lie" is "nothing." Here are some other good examples, most of which were submitted by many readers:

A BEE-HIVE IS A BAD POTATO.
A "bee-hive" is a "bee-holder."
A "beholder" is a "spectator."
A 'speck'd tater" is "a bad potato."

A CRICKET BAT IS A COW.
A "cricket bat" is "willow."
"Will owe" is "pay not."
"Pain hot" is "warm ache."
"War make" is "peace end."
"Pea send" is "missile."
"Miss Isle" is "land slip."
"Land slip" is "shore torn."
"Shorthorn" is "a cow."

A PENNY IS A SHILLING.
A "penny" is a "copper."
A "copper" is a "policeman."
A "policeman" is a "Robert."
"Robert" is a "Bob."
And a "Bob" is a "shilling."

"YES" IS "NO."
The French for "yes" is "oui."
The Latin for "we" is "nos."
The French for "nose" is "nez."
"Nay" is another word for "No."

THE *ROYAL* IS AN "ASTERISK."
The *Royal* is a "magazine."
A "magazine" is a "gunpowder store."
A "gunpowder store" is a "nasty risk."
Therefore the *Royal* must be "an asteri k."

More Long Words.

When Mr. X mentioned the word "disproportionableness," he little contemplated the terrible tangle of long words from which he is now endeavouring to X tricate himself.

First of all, there are the "catch" long words, such as "smiles," which is *very* long, indeed, for there is a "mile" between the first and last letter; "beleaguered" is even longer, for there is a "league" between the first and last syllables; "rubber" is longer, because, if not long enough, it can be stretched; and, finally, there is one longer (spelt l-o-n-g-e-r). Of genuine long words—not including foreign words, proper names, hyphened words, chemical terms—the following are to be found in a good standard dictionary:

Antidisestablishmentarians	**26 letters.**
Anthropomorphologically	**23 ,,**
Electrophotomicrography	**23 ,,**
Honorificabilitudinity	**22 ,,**
Incircumrsciptibleness	**22 ,,**

Solutions of the Five Puzzles in Column 1, Page 514.

(1.) I understand you undertake to overthrow my undertaking.
(2.) If the grate be (great B) empty, put coal on (colon). If the great be full, stop (full-stop) putting coal on
(3.) Captain Forbes (four b's) sent his forces (four c's) into the East Indies (East in Dies) to dig potatoes (peg-eight o's).
(4.) A little darkie (dark e) in bed with nothing over him.
(5.) John Underwood, Andover, Hants. (John *under* Wood and *over* Hants.)

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THE KING AND QUEEN OF SMUGGLERS.

I.—A CARGO OF GOOD SCHNAPPS.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

This is the first of a series of thrilling smuggling yarns written especially for the Royal.

Sir Nicholas Vyse, roysterer, and friend of the Prince Regent, had come to this lonely coast on business that was connected neither with London nor with gallantry. His fortune was gone; his house—the great house that overlooked Saints Bay—was let to a prosperous merchant-prince of Bloomsbury. He was a beggar in all but pride and honour, and a certain cheery disposition to meet the world as it came, and meet it smiling.

A good face Sir Nicholas had, full of a sort of comely strength, and fuller still of some nameless air of distinction and command; a face that had three separate sets of lines and furrows in it, as if he could, according to occasion, be stern, or frolicsome, or infinitely good-humoured.

Sir Nicholas—known as Nick Vyse to intimates—had disappeared completely from London, and the wild Regent's set had mourned his loss, had asked what had come to Nick, and had laughed in derision when gossip whispered that he had gone into trade. No, Nick would not stoop to that.

Yet gossip was true for once, and the trade upon which Sir Nicholas had embarked—that of a dealer in laces and Schnapps and tobacco—was at least as old as that of the Preventive Officers. He had taken to the game as a wild duck takes to fenny pools, for he and his had lived time out of mind with the song of the sea in their ears, and the glee of the smuggler in their veins. They were all in it—sailors and yeomen and farming gentry, the fishing lads who lived in the white village of St. Thanes, the middlemen in London who reaped their profits without sharing the spindrift glee and hazard of the actual work.

It was Nick Vyse, born to command—Nick Vyse, with his fast little cutter and his crew that loved and feared him—who did the real work of the trade; the snuffy London traders merely sold the wares.

He was at sea to-night, on a rising tide that yapped at the low, dark sky, and he had a matter of seventy kegs of Schnapps and a ton of tobacco to land before the dawn. The dim light showed the kegs, ranged two and two along the gunwale, with a stone tied cunningly to the rope that bound the pairs together; for danger might press at any time, and it was better to heave good money overboard than let the Preventive score a point in this wild game.

Nick Vyse stood straight and silent in the stern, wrapped in a blue cloak that hid the workmanlike, square set of back and shoulders; his eyes were on a light that flickered for a moment a knot or so on the larboard side. Brief as the flash was, it told Sir Nicholas that they were watched, and he laughed the low and gentle laugh that seemed a part of him.

"Just the spice of fool that is in every Preventive man," he muttered. "If one of my men dared to show a light without orders, I'd hang him heels upward by the mizzen."

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He gave an order, quick and sharp, and presently his own boat showed three lights low down on the port side, and out of eyeshot of the Preventive craft; and the answer came, swift as an echo almost, from a point that made a triangle, as it were, with the positions of the two cutters.

Light after light shone out from the strange craft, and the highest of them rose so high above the sea that she proclaimed herself a vessel of more tonnage than both the cutters put together could have mustered.

"Two strings to one's bow, and two ships to a venture—they're not bad things, Aaron," laughed Nick Vyse, as he stooped to the ear of Aaron Bigg, his right hand on the ship.

"Aw, it was deep of you, sir—deep," growled Aaron. "I've run cargoes, man and boy, for forty years, but I never had wit to think of fitting out a decoy ship. Look ye, sir, the Preventive is showing her lights, and by that token she means to crowd all her canvas on."

A second order from Sir Nicholas, a quenching of lights on his own cutter, and the stranger vessel—she with the lanterns swinging high—bent to the freshening wind, recovered, then went scudding like a bird towards the south. A sheet of flame ripped out from the revenue cutter's side, a sullen roar followed, a leaden ball skimmed over the sea like a pebble thrown in the game of dick-duck-drake, and passed within a score yards of the stranger's bows, and then was lost in the wide seas beyond.

This was the warning, but the high craft, scudding faster still under the wind, paid no heed to the summons, and a second shot came rattling from the Preventive boat. The shot flew wide, so wide indeed that it screamed over the head of Sir Nicholas Vyse, and the wind of it lifted his hat as it passed between the fore and main masts.

Sir Nicholas clapped his hands to his head, too late to save the hat; and then he laughed like a boy let out to play.

"It's droll, eh, Aaron?" he said. "Here are we, lying snug and dark out of reach of fire, as we think—and, by the Saints, we forgot that half a knot was no safe margin to allow Preventive gunnery. Well, they've missed us, and now they're giving chase as if old Harry warmed their heels."

He pointed to the lessening lantern-lights, those of the high-built ship and of the cutter, as they raced each other down the Channel; then, suddenly, he raised his voice, and the girth of it was wide as the booming sea itself.

"Put her nose for Saints Bay, lads, and let her have her head!" he cried.

The crew was no loose handful of units; it was one man, moving as the muscles move when a clear brain directs them. In a trice the sails were set and the dim waves frothed beneath the keel. Dark as the night was, Sir Nicholas was trained to see cat-wise, and near ahead he could make out the grey-white cliffs of chalk that circled Saints Bay—the cliffs that gave a foundation more or less secure for the great house that towered up against the sky.

Nick Vyse had a pleasant singing-voice, and now, as he felt the swallow-skimming of his craft, as he stood, with wind and sky above, and underneath a cargo of good liquor, as he saw the cliffs come out to meet him, giving welcome, he began to carol like a lark that had turned baritone.

"Captain's gay to-night," thought Aaron Bigg. "Never knew him gayer. Means there's a maid in the offing, if seafaring lore do go for aught."

And Aaron Bigg chuckled, very softly, at thought of Sir Nicholas falling victim to any maid's soft ways; and while he chuckled, the ship came to her distance from the shore, and the anchor dropped, and one by one the boats were lowered. Sir Nicholas went ashore with the first boat-load, and, though he dared not sing, he still hummed gaily to himself. The Preventive men were busy chasing an innocent ship that carried innocent cargo to the port of London—a fleet ship, moreover, which they would never catch. Meanwhile he was free to disembark his cargo at his leisure.

At least, Sir Nicholas thought that he had leisure; but if a watchman had been standing on the cliff-top, and if he could have seen through the darkness as far as the cluster of Preventive cottages two miles away, he might have told a different tale.

Nick Vyse, for his part, was not the man to waste time, though he had plenty of it, as he thought. The crew, under his keen eye, worked as if their lives depended upon speed, and by-and-by the kegs were ranged in three neat rows along the beach.

"Roll them up! We shall do a good night's work, lads," said Sir Nicholas.

Barrel after barrel was pushed up the beach; barrel after barrel disappeared through a narrow opening in the cliffs, and Sir Nicholas, as he watched the good work go forward, was full of laughter and content. This was his own beach on which he had landed; yonder, where the opening of the cliffs gave access to the cave, was the secret

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passage that lay under his own house; surely it was a jest that he, when he had lost house and lands and all, should choose this one spot on all the coast for a big venture.

As he waited for the last half-dozen kegs to disappear, he felt a something cold and wet thrust into his hand, and looking down he saw a yellow, hairy beast that might have been, far back in his ancestry, an Irish terrier; on the other hand he might have been a collie, with a dash of setter in his blood. He might have been anything within the reasonable limits of a mongrel, but at any rate he was friendly, silent, knowing, and Sir Nicholas, fond of all dumb things, stooped to pat his shaggy hide.

Something in the dog's manner, something in the alert look of head and hindquarters, as shown by the dim light, brought back the past again to Nick Vyse, and he found himself calling "Ponto! Ponto!" The dog answered to his name, and then Sir Nicholas remembered him as the intimate friend of all good smuggling folk on this part of the coast. Ponto had assisted at more cargo-runnings than any dog about St. Thanes, and more than once had, in his own person, secured success in the very teeth of failure.

"It's a good omen," thought Sir Nicholas. "They say that Ponto scents luck as other dogs scent hares, and he never joins a losing venture."

The sky was clearer now, and a pocketful of stars shone down upon the rocky glade that masked the entrance to the cave. Cunningly devised the place was, and it dated from of old, when the gentry maintained private chapels for their spiritual welfare and private caves for their more carnal needs. Vyse House, in its richest days and in its poorest, had never paid a stiver to the Government in duty; and Vyse House had not been guilty of abstemiousness.

The crew were working hard when Nick appeared, and one of them, turning for a moment, saw the dog.

"Here, lads, there's Ponto!" he cried merrily. "We'll have a lucky trip to-night."

"Ay, ay!" they answered, and Sir Nicholas, though noise of any sort was against the decorum of the trade, was glad to let them have their way. Belief in luck brings luck, he said to himself, and the heartier the men the quicker the work.

A couple of lanterns were lit now, and Ponto followed them into the cave, running to and fro and sniffing at the kegs as if he understood the business thoroughly, but always returning to the side of Nicholas Vyse. On and on they went until the path branched into two—one broad, one narrow. They took the left-hand way, the broader one, and for a while no sound was heard but the rolling of barrels on the soft chalk floor; then they came to a halt, and Nick Vyse stooped down and brushed aside a littered pile of pebbles; and the lamplight fell upon a slab of oak, fitted with two huge iron rings.

"Heave to, lads," he cried.

Two men seized the left-hand ring and two the right, and they dug their heels into the ground. A cheery "Hoick" from all four voices, a strain, a tug, and the bonniest hiding-place in England lay waiting for their kegs. The work went forward still more quickly now, and only once the men halted for a breathing space.

"Good lad, Ponto," said one of them, stooping to pat the dog's rough hide. "He's been bought by a young lady at Vyse House, Sir Nicholas," he added, with a friendly air of confidence. "She saw him down in St. Thanes, and he took a wonderful fancy to her, and naught would do but she must buy him. But, bless you, Ponto knows his way to the beach when there's a scent of Schnapps about."

"What ails the dog?" put in Sir Nicholas, suddenly.

For Ponto had lost his high spirits; he was growling unmistakably, and his head was turned towards the far-off darkness that hid the cave's mouth. Something he scented or heard—that was certain; and Sir Nicholas turned quickly towards his men.

"He can hear better than we can," he said. "How many kegs left? Eight? Well, bundle them in, and get the door down as fast as you can. I'll see to the trouble."

Ponto ran before him, still growling, and, as he neared the mouth of the cave, he heard the low voices of men, the impatient stamping of ponies' feet upon the shingle. None but Preventive men would be here on ponies at this hour of a dark night; and Nick Vyse knew that he and his were bottled tight enough in the cave that had served his ancestors so long. He was not troubled by it; on the contrary, he welcomed a good end to what had promised to be a tame adventure, and, bottled or no, he did not mean to lose his cargo.

"We've got 'em in a net this time," came a gruff voice from outside. "Lucky that I sent half our lads to chase the cutter, and kept half to make all sure on land. Lucky they're

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a few folk in St. Thanes to give warning when a cargo's to be landed."

Sir Nicholas set his teeth. "Treason," he muttered. And his tone said plainly what would happen to the traitor if he caught him. For the rest he bore no malice, the fat, jolly voice outside belonging to Gauger Ralph, he knew, and he bore Ralph the best will in the world—perhaps because he had outwitted him so often. He meant to outwit him now, though he was barrelled as snugly as his cargo of good Schnapps.

As he waited, turning over in his mind the best way of escape, the voice of Gauger Ralph came to him once again.

"Have you tethered the ponies?" he was saying. "Well, get your cutlasses free then, for Captain Contraband doesn't stick at trifles. Oh, but we've got him in a cage, my hearties!

"Forward, lads, give 'em the flat of the cutlass if they're good, and the blade if they aren't," came Gauger Ralph's fat voice.

Sir Nicholas laughed, like the boy he was, and struck flint on steel, and lit the lantern which had been hanging at his belt. A word to Ponto—an old watchword—set him barking merrily. Sir Nicholas waved his lantern high and started to run up the path.

"Well, of all the fools!" shouted Gauger Ralph, in sheer gleer. "The dog's a fool to bark, but the master's a bigger fool to take him smuggling. Ho, there, Captain Contraband! Better wait and have done with it, for we've bottled you."

"It seems so," answered Sir Nicholas, over his shoulder; "but I'll give you a chase for the fun of the thing."

Ponto, wild with the joy of playing his old *rôle*, went leaping, barking, in front of Nick's waving light; and Gauger Ralph told himself, as he led his men in hot pursuit, that the dog in his innocence would lead them straight to the men, straight to the casks they handled. Captain Contraband was clever enough to trick the mother that bore him, but they were safe in following the dog. Yet Ponto, oddly enough, did not choose the left-hand path, but the narrower way that led up to the right.

"It seems so," answered Sir Nicholas, over his shoulders; "but I'll give you a chase for the fun of the thing."

The Preventive men followed hot-foot, using their lanterns not at all to light the floor, but following the gleam of Nick Vyse's light. Sir Nicholas and Ponto, for their part, skirted a wide, deep pool that opened temptingly before them at the bending of the way, but Gauger Ralph and all his men were in the water long before they guessed that it was there. Their lanterns were quenched, and Nick Vyse, as he doused his own, was aware of a spluttering, a splashing, a babel of strong oaths.

"We've tricked 'em, Ponto," he whispered.

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And Ponto barked aloud.

Nick Vyse, the dog at his heels, went forward through the darkness of the passage as one accustomed to its every turn. Behind, there was a roar of curses, as the Preventive men won free of the pool and started in lumbering pursuit.

"They'll have hidden the kegs by now," said Sir Nicholas to himself, "and where's the use of meeting these gentry face to face?" For it was a curious thing that many of the Preventive had chased Sir Nicholas, had fought with him in windy darkness, but none knew what his features were, or guessed that this square-shouldered, tricky captain of a smuggling crew was a Vyse of Vyse House.

As for the kegs, Sir Nicholas had no fear that they would be found. The cave had been disused for more years than Gauger Ralph or any of his men could remember, save for such private enterprises as the Vyses had engaged upon, without comment or discovery. The secret of the trap-door, moreover, so cunningly hidden by shingle once it had been lowered, was a secret known to none of the Preventive force, and when they returned next day and sought it for hours nothing but ill-success crowned their efforts, so well concealed was it and so roomy the cavern.

So Nick Vyse went forward gaily. He felt with his hands and found what he was seeking—a rough slab of rock that had stood, since smuggling-times were born, as the door that led from the great house to the cave. A thickish bar of iron ran through the slab, forming a pivot on which it turned about its middle; a steady push against the upper half, and this rock-door opened to Nick's hand, leaving a space of half a tall man's height, through which he crawled.

The Preventive men, blundering through the dark, with sodden clothes and useless lanterns, were brought up sharp, not many moments later, by what seemed a blank wall; and Gauger Ralph, good-natured as he was, swore bitterly and deep.

"He's slipped past us in the dark; he knows every inch of this dog-rotted kennel; he has tricked us again, lads," growled Ralph.

"Ay, they say he's more ghost than man, and I begin to believe it," muttered another. "How often have we been close at his heels, Ralph, ready to snap him up as a terrier takes a rat——"

He stopped on the sudden, for an eerie, rustling, noisome sound was moving up and down amidst the darkness of the cave.

"Don't you talk of rats," said the third Preventive man, with a quiver in his voice; "can't you hear 'em? Can't you feel 'em crawling up the inside of your shanks, lads?"

They waited for no more. A curious panic, begotten of failure, darkness, and those softly-moving beasts, ran through the stalwart company of Preventive men; they turned and fled, and two of them, forgetting their late ducking, plunged full into the pool again. It was not until they reached the beach itself, and felt the cool sea-wind and gathered courage from a faintly-shining star or two, that they found room for shame.

"Well, it's done," said Gauger Ralph, "and we're done, and Captain Contraband has been too clever for us once again. Come on; we'll take a taste of smuggled liquor at the 'Admiral Nelson,' for it's all the change we shall get from the cargo-runners to-night."

Nick Vyse and the dog meanwhile had come upon a very different scene. After the rock-door had swung to behind them, they had mounted a crumbling flight of steps, had reached a second door—of heavy oak this time—and Sir Nicholas had opened this with some difficulty.

He was standing on the threshold of the great dining-hall—his own hall, as he remembered with a sudden tightening of the heart. The room was lit only by candles, but for a moment Sir Nicholas blinked, so sharp was the contrast between the outer darkness and the inner warmth and light.

Then, as his eyes grew clearer, he saw a table spread with fruit and wine, a wilderness of snowy cloth, a half-backed chair drawn up to the head of the board; seated in the chair, and facing him, was a girl whose beauty—a beauty rare, and warm, and passionate—went straightway to his head, as if he had broached a cask of the gallant liquor lying below them in the cave.

The girl was playing with a bunch of grapes when he appeared—appeared like a sombre portrait in the doorway and matching to a hair the other painted Vyses who hung upon the walls. She started, then went on playing with the grapes; and the dog, who had crouched close to Sir Nicholas until now, ran to her and leaped into her lap, and tried to lick her face.

Now Sir Nicholas had seen too much of peril lightly to lose his wits. He had counted on meeting men-servants, possibly its master, during his quick flight through the house; he would have met master or men-servants with a cool front and a plausible, but what was he

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doing here, intruding on the privacy of a defenceless girl?

The defenceless girl, meanwhile, had lifted her eyes—how the light glowed and nestled and lay warm in them!—and was regarding him with interest and a certain quizzical, gay air of mockery. And she was thinking, though Nick Vyse for his sins could not know it, what a very proper figure of a man this was, with the salt sea in his wholesome skin and the shoulders square beneath the dark-blue cloak.

"Welcome," she said; "but a guest should not be dumb so early in his visit."

Sir Nicholas found himself again and laughed. The girl was conscious of a pleasing quality in the laugh, as if it vouched for its owner and made him almost an intimate at the first moment. He came forward, and the breed in him showed clear in every movement.

The dog left its mistress's knee and fawned upon Nick Vyse, and then ran back, as if he wished to own allegiance to the pair of them; and mad Nick Vyse, drunk with the splendour of the girl, already sought for omens, and blessed this augury of the dog.

"You are not afraid?" he asked, standing with both hands on the board and bending to the level of her eyes.

"Afraid? Yes, horribly; but not of you," she answered. "Be seated"—waving a pretty hand towards the nearest chair. "You will take a glass of wine?"

"But—but this is an intrusion; I have no right——"

"Good lack, no right!" murmured the girl, and he laughed, despite himself, at the quaint straightforwardness of her. "No right, says he? Sir, you have the best right in the world, for you come to help an hour of dulness to go by."

Nick Vyse filled himself a bumper and sat down. He had known many women—known them too well or too little; but this slim creature, who seemed girl and woman both, was new to his experience.

"You were not afraid?" he repeated. "Here am I, a desperado for all you know, launched on you through a secret door that leads into a cave——"

"A smuggling cave?" she put in eagerly. "Yes, I have heard rumours of that secret door you opened just now, and have sought for it, but never found it yet. So you have run a cargo? Something in the dog's excitement before I let him out to-night told me there was smuggling in the air."

Sir Nicholas gasped.

"You—you are quick at guesses," he said.

"I have nothing but guesses to live upon," she retorted calmly. "Now if the wine is to your liking, and you care to listen, I will tell you something, Sir Nicholas Vyse."

Again Nick held his breath; was the whole scene a dream?

"The wine is very much to my liking," he said. But he was looking into her eyes, not into his glass. "You know my name, it seems?"

"Look round you," she laughed, pointing to the portraits on the wall. "Was there ever so persistent a thing as the Vyse face? It seems that away to Adam's time you all have the same nose, same eyes, same mouth. I knew you in a moment."

"That is the hardship," he put in with a quaint grimace. "They know me as Captain Contraband all down the east coast, but some day the Preventive men will see my face in a clear light, and then——"

"Why, then," she said, "you will be Sir Nicholas Vyse again, and—a magistrate.

"Now, listen," she went on, taking another bunch of grapes. "When you asked me if I was afraid of you, you made me laugh. Dear sir, I am so terrified of dulness—see how big and empty all this is—that I would have welcomed a foot-pad or a Bow Street runner, if he had come in by the door there."

"Humph!" murmured Nick Vyse, his spirits falling.

"Consider for a moment. My father rents this house from you, does he not—portraits, chairs, everything? And why, think you? Because he is very prosperous, and very much afraid of his prosperity. I am his only child, and London is wicked, wicked, and he dreads my finding some love-lorn lordlet who will marry me, and beat me afterwards, and squander all my fortune.

"So the good man brings me here, in charge of an elderly lady—so dull, and fortunately in bed with a headache to-night—and shuts the world off from me, and never seems to guess that I go nearly mad at times for want of company. He lives in wicked London, making more money, I suppose, and I sit here like a nun, and—— Mercy, how I am racing!" she broke off. "It is so rare to find a listener and an adventure. You will have more wine, for smuggling should be thirsty work?"

Sir Nicholas filled his glass again, and sat and looked at her. If he drank from now till doomsday it would not alter things; he could never be as drunk with wine as he was

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Seated in the chair, and facing him, was a girl whose beauty went straightway to his head, as if he had broached a cask of the gallant liquor lying below them in the cave.

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with that dangerous, quick glow which came and went about her face.

"Show me your cave," she commanded by-and-by.

"And still you're not afraid to trust me?" he cried, bewildered by her fearlessness, her utter sense of her own power to guard herself, daintily proud, against a hundred such as he.

"When I begin to distrust you, Sir Nicholas, you shall hear of it. Now show me your kegs—real, solid, smuggled kegs of Schnapps. Show me that there are men with hearts—*with hearts*, you understand—men who do not make money in the City, men who are not proud of stupid places in Bloomsbury, men who—men who *are men*," she finished in a white heat.

Sir Nicholas felt the energy of her, the sheer, compelling energy, go tingling through his veins. He loved the smuggling life, as he would have loved a life on board a fighting frigate, but never until now had he realised the poetry of it, the dignity. Which meant, to speak plainly, that never until now had he realised the poetry of a woman, nor understood the dignity that attaches to any man in love.

"I'll show you everything," he said.

"You, too, are trustful. *Are you not afraid?*"—mocking his own speech of a while ago—"are you not afraid to trust me with your secrets?"

"I would trust you with my life," he said, with desperate eagerness.

"Oh, it is early days," she said, with a sudden access of demureness. "You may be a hero to me—indeed, I have known and loved our Captain Contraband so long by hearsay—but you need not fall into heroics."

"You're a witch," he said. "You're a brownie, and an elf, and a pixie, and a mermaid——"

"I am Miss Josephine Willoughby, at your service," she interrupted, with a sweeping curtsey, "and quite as human as yourself. The cave, sir, if you please."

He lit his lantern, and opened the secret door, and helped her down when they reached the steps.

They came to the pebbled trap-door at last, and Sir Nicholas bared the oak, showing the big rings of iron.

"It is all under there," he said. "Seventy kegs of Schnapps and a ton or so of tobacco. Will you take my word for it, since four men can scarcely lift the door?"

She tapped one slippered foot against the oak, and her eyes danced like two will-o'-the-wisps let out to play.

"It is all here?" she asked with childish eagerness. "It has none of it paid duty? It never will pay duty? Ah! That is good! I hate duties that have to be paid—they are like walls that shut the wind out. I'm against law and order and strait waistcoats of all kinds; and I'm proud to know you—Captain Contraband."

Another curtsey, and then, after a long glance at the trap-door, which Nick was dusting once again with pebbles, she made a sudden turn towards the homeward path.

"Come," she said, with the imperiousness which already Sir Nicholas was learning to know. "I tell you, I can smell the salt of the sea, and hear the wind among the sails and feel myself a lucky smuggler like yourself. Oh, you may look at my gown—the lace on it paid duty, and I hate it—but what does a gown signify? I could enjoy rough weather as well as you; it is the calm I fear."

They retraced their path in silence. Sir Nicholas was drunken still with the girl's sheer power of living. He had happened on strange ventures in his time, but never upon one so salty-sweet as this. She was friendly, yet she was as much aloof as if she sat upon a distant mountain; she might love his smuggling, thought Nick Vyse ruefully, but would she ever come down from her mountain and love a man?

Meanwhile they had gained the door that opened into the hall, and the first thing they saw was a serving-man—a very tall and very sombre serving-man—removing the last traces of Miss Josephine Willoughby's supper.

"How stupid! I forgot the servants," murmured the girl.

The serving-man looked up on the opening of the door, but he was trained to let surprise be still-born.

"Ah, replace the wine," said his mistress, coming quickly forward. "Sir Nicholas Vyse has kindly called to ask if we find his property in good order, and he will stay for the length of a glass of wine—or would you prefer Schnapps, Sir Nicholas?" she added, with a dazzling, wicked glance that set his pulses beating all afresh.

"I prefer the Schnapps, I think," he said.

The manservant—noiseless, grim—brought wine and Schnapps, and all the while Sir Nicholas was marvelling at the quick effrontery, disdainful almost, with which the girl had met the situation. As soon as they

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were left alone, he turned to her.

"I owe you a big debt," he said. "You might have resented the sudden claim I made upon your hospitality."

"You owe me a debt?" she answered slowly, mirthfully.

"Yes."

"Will you pay it promptly?"

"To-night, if you will tell me how."

"No, not to-night, but soon. I am so dull, so lonely here. May I come with you when next you run a cargo?"

Sir Nicholas was silent for a while, and then he laughed. Nick Vyse's laugh, happy always, had never sounded quite so gay as now.

"You shall be captain of the crew," he said.

She held her slim hand out—not in coquetry, but simply, naturally, as a man would.

"That is a bargain, Captain Contraband," she said. "And now, as a rather tardy decorum tells me to look at the clock—your own clock, Sir Nicholas, and a very handsome one—I think you are going to say good-night."

"Thank God it is not good-bye," said Sir Nicholas, with wondrous fervour.

She opened the hall door for him, and let him out into the night; and the salt wind sang across the sea. But Sir Nicholas Vyse was not thinking of his cargo, run successfully against the odds of weather and the Preventive Service; he was thinking of a bonnie lass, so proud that she was void of fear.

"I shall see her soon again. Ah, why did I waste my life in London?" was the sum of Sir Nicholas's regrets and hopes and fears.

They came to the pebbled trap-door at last, and Sir Nicholas bared the oak, showing the big rings of iron.

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Some wonderful and true Stories, showing that Dogs can reason almost like Human Beings, told by Mr. Garner, the American Naturalist, who became famous from his Studies of the Monkey Language.

By R. L. Garner.

During the many years that I have devoted to the study of monkeys and their habits, I have given much incidental attention to the mental habits of dogs, and from the stories given here the reader may decide for himself whether dogs reason or not.

A POODLE AS A NURSEMAID.

When I was a baby, only a few weeks old, a friend of my father sent me a little poodle that was born on the same day as myself. Of course, I was too young to take any interest in dogs at that time, but my parents became his sponsors and conferred upon him the name of Dash.

Gentle, patient, and affectionate, he allowed my infant fingers to pull his long hair, pluck his ears and pull his bushy tail to my heart's content.

Dash had all the nice little accomplishments known to canine culture, such as sitting or standing erect to ask for food, dancing to the motion of a wand or baton, leaping through hoops or over hurdles, scratching at the door to have it opened for him, announcing the approach of strangers, accompanying them to the gate on their departure, and many other tricks and traits. He also had the audacity that is said to be peculiar to small dogs. He made a point of talking saucily to big members of his race, whose size and dignity usually forbade them resenting his impertinence with violence. But in addition to all those commonplace qualities he did many original and unique things. He was indeed a canine prodigy.

In common with other babies of my time, I usually slept in a cradle of the old-time model, consisting of a low box set upon rockers and padded with feathers and blankets. In this I was often rocked to sleep under the soothing influence of a lullaby sung by my mother. While I slept Dash usually lay on the floor by the side of the cradle. On my waking, the cradle was gently rocked and the lullaby sung until I again went to sleep or rebelled against it.

On one occasion, when I was about eighteen or twenty months old, I was left asleep in the cradle while my mother went into another part of the house. There was no one, except Dash, in the room. I woke up and began crying as all bad babies and some good ones are liable to do.

My mother, hearing the alarm, hastened back to the room, and upon entering it, beheld Dash standing upon his hind legs on the floor, his paws resting on the edge of the cradle, not only rocking it with the skill of a nurse, but whining a lullaby with all the soothing melody that his canine voice was capable of, and evidently in imitation of the lullaby he heard my mother and others sing to me on similar occasions.

Of course I do not remember these facts in my own case, but I vividly recall his doing the same thing in the infancy of my younger sisters and brother.

On a recent visit to my eldest sister, who is some years older than myself, we were reviewing these among other incidents, and she assured me that Dash, of his own accord, first began tending me as a baby, and continued doing so with my juniors. He had never been taught such a task, and it was never exacted of him except to gratify

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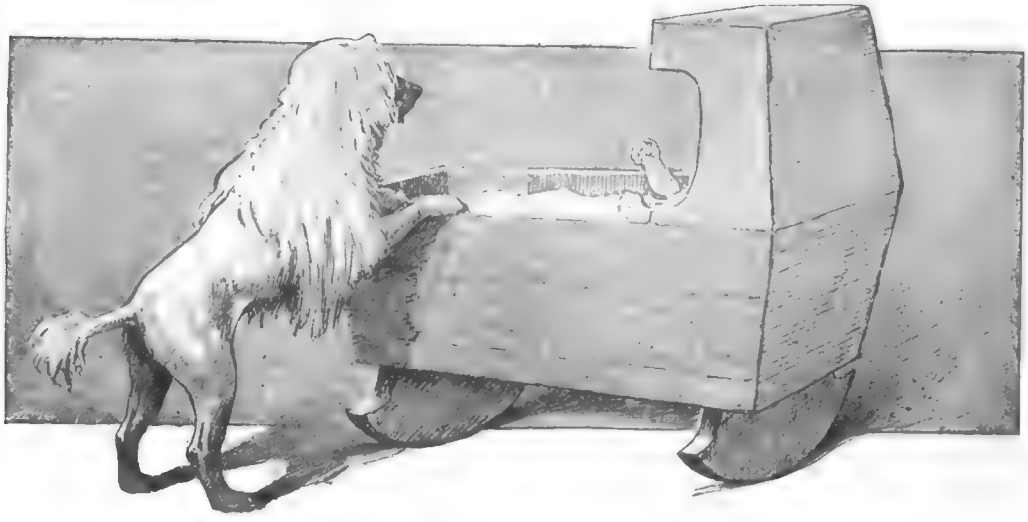
occasional visitors who had heard of it, and regarded it as an act of marvellous intelligence.

I could cite scores of rational things performed by this clever little playmate; but as I regard the instance related as the crowning act of his intelligence, I shall omit those of minor interest.

That some dogs are highly sensitive and possess a genuine sense of self-respect and dignity, the following anecdote fully demonstrates.

THE DOG WHO NEVER FORGAVE.

Some years ago, while I was living in the quiet little town of Lockport, Kentucky, certain circumstances brought into my possession a little canine waif, whose mother



When the mother of the baby was out of the room, this poodle, without having been taught to do so, would rock the cradle and whine a lullaby.

was a well-bred black-and-tan terrier, his father a common cur of very inferior stock. The pup that fell into my hands was therefore a mongrel. I prevented him from being drowned by assuming the care of him, and made him a cosy kennel near the door of my room, and also a fluffy little bed in the room, where he could share with me the comforts of a fire.

I christened him Hun, and, in spite of his being only a mongrel, I reared him with all the care that a well-bred dog might wish for.

Although he was friendly and playful with others, he rarely accepted from anyone, except myself, anything to eat, especially in my presence. If someone gave him a tempting chicken leg or mutton bone, he would take it in his mouth and bring it to me to give to him. He had not been taught to do this, but he appeared to think it was my exclusive privilege to feed him.

When Hun was about eighteen months of age I left him with the family with which I lived and went on a long visit to my native home. I was absent for more than three months, and on my return I received from Hun demonstrations of joyful welcome that no human heart could fail to be touched by.

His manner was hysterical. When he first saw me at the gate he came as if on wings. He sprang upon me, whining; then, dashing away in a small circle, frantically barking, rushed back at me to receive my caresses, and time and again leapt high into the air and fell full length upon his back or side. For hours after my arrival he continued these singular outbursts of ecstasy, and for days I could scarcely move my feet without coming in contact with him.

During my absence he had been allowed to follow my host or his son about the streets, and on my return he insisted upon doing so with me. His devotion was so evident that it was observed by everyone who knew him, and I could not find the heart to restrain him from following me; and yet on two or three occasions I was forced to shut him up in my room and leave him while I paid some visits to certain friends.

One day, about a week after returning from my long absence, I put Hun into the room and went to pay a call on a young lady living

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in the next street. It was a fine summer day, and the doors and windows were open. I had not been long seated in my friend's drawing-room when Hun rushed in with all the boisterous rudeness of a country dog, sprang upon my lap, and began making great demonstrations of his affection.

I was annoyed and greatly embarrassed by the intrusion. Making the best apology I could frame, I took the culprit to the gate. I scolded him, and, for the first time in his life, smacked him with my hand. He crouched on the ground and gave me an appealing look. Again I scolded and slapped him. He crept away a few feet and turned towards me to debate the matter. I picked up a small stone and threw it at him. It was not intended to hit him, and struck the ground a few inches to one side. Instantly he started for home, and never once looked back. I returned to the drawing-room and finished my visit.

An hour later I went home, but Hun did not meet me at the gate. I called him, but got no response. I went to his kennel, but he was not there. I went into the family room to inquire, but he had not been seen. Again I went into the yard and whistled and called him, but he did not come. Finally a neighbour who kept a small shop told me that Hun was with him, lying on some empty bags under the counter, and would not come out. So I called him, but he refused to move. I petted and caressed him, but he simply submitted to it and gave no sign of pleasure at my attentions. I feared that someone had injured him, but the shopkeeper assured me that nothing was wrong with him. An hour or so previously he had come into the shop, crawled under the counter and coiled himself upon the sacks.

I began to suspect that I was the cause of his strange demeanour. My conscience smote me for what I had done, for I now realised that I had wounded his feelings. I tried to make amends, but he treated all my overtures with utter indifference. Day after day I tried to win back his love, but my efforts made no impression upon him.

Henceforward he utterly ignored me. He persistently refused to touch the most tempting morsel that I could offer him; he quitted his kennel outside my room and slept in the porch below, and he was never again induced, even in my absence, to enter my room. If I came into his presence while playing with other persons or dogs, he instantly desisted and crept away.

I was truly penitent, and would have made any sacrifice within reason to have been restored to his affections and confidence. It pained me to realise how deeply I had wounded that canine heart, and for months I tried to gain from him some sign of his forgiveness. But he was unrelenting. His pride had been humbled by the one whom he had loved above all others. His spirit had been crushed by a slap dealt by the hand which he had caressed with all the devotion of an honest heart, and I never again looked into his soft brown eyes without perceiving in their depths a sad look of reproach.

Thereafter Hun bestowed his affections upon my neighbour, the shopkeeper, who had been his best friend in my long absence. For years he followed him like a shadow.

THE DEFEAT OF CALVIN.

A friend of mine living in Scott County, Kentucky owned an Irish setter called Calvin (which was shortened into Cal), and also a skye terrier who rejoiced in the name of Beauty. The two dogs were both of good stock and very great friends. But in certain matters they did not always agree.

For a time they fed together from the same plate, but by reason of his superior strength, Cal always took the lion's share of the food, and poor Beauty was too weak to object. Now and then she would take a part of the food and go away to one side to eat it, but even then she was not able to get her just portion, and her master observing this caused them to be fed with separate plates. As long as his master was present Cal was very circumspect in his conduct towards Beauty, but when he thought himself alone and had finished his own portion he always went to Beauty's plate and helped himself liberally.

The two dogs were usually fed upon the scraps from the table, and if these were not sufficient a few biscuits were added. As a rule, they ate the meat first and the biscuits afterwards. Cal devoured his food ravenously; little Beauty, on the other hand, was exquisitely dainty and ate very slowly.

On one occasion two biscuits were placed on Cal's plate and one on Beauty's. Their master was sitting on the ground under a tree a short distance from them. As usual, Cal was gulping down his portion with the voracity of a hyena, while Beauty was furtively watching him. Foreseeing that in a few moments he would be robbing her of her biscuit she prepared for action.

Cal having finished his meat left the two biscuits on his plate, and, passing over to Beauty's plate, began on her little store of

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meat. Without resenting the trespass she seized the biscuit from her plate, ran to her master, and quietly opened the pocket of his coat with her paw and dropped the biscuit into it, where she knew that Cal would never dare to touch it. Then returning to Cal's plate she took one of his two biscuits, hastened to her master, lay down by his feet, and deliberately ate it.

The gentleman pretended not to have noticed the conduct of either dog. As a matter of fact he was closely watching them. After Beauty had finished the biscuit she had taken from Cal she quietly went to the pocket, opened it with her paws, put her head into it and withdrew her own biscuit. Then she lay down again and quietly made a second meal.

In what respect does this act differ from an act of reason? Does it not show that little Beauty was conscious of her rights, aware of her inability to defend them, and that she trusted in her master's sense of justice? So she placed herself and her lawful property under his protection.

Beauty, a little terrier, in order to prevent her companion, a larger dog, from stealing her food, used to hide portions of it in her master's pocket.

THE DOG AND THE TWO DUCKS.

Here is another striking incident of canine reason. A friend of mine, living on the banks of the Mississippi, invited me to a duck hunt in the carroll, or marshes, which are so frequently to be found close to the banks of that vast river. At certain seasons of the year these swamps are the haunt of myriads of wild ducks and geese.

We were accompanied by a handsome setter who had been trained to retrieve ducks as well as other birds. At this duty he was an expert, and brought in the dead birds without ever losing one.

Reaching out through the swamp was an old dyke, which rose a few feet above the water on each side of it. We walked along this dyke to within fifty or sixty yards of a large patch of bullrushes. Suddenly a flock of ducks rose straight in front of us. We both fired, and two ducks fell, one to the right and the other to the left of the dyke.

The dog was some distance in advance of us, and near the first bird that fell; he seized it in his mouth, sprang upon the dyke, and started towards his master. But just at the instant he reached the top of the dyke the duck on the opposite side fluttered in the water. The dog instantly dropped the bird in his mouth, sprang into the water, seized the fluttering duck, which was only wounded, and brought it to his master; after which he returned for the dead one. Does this not show that he was aware that the wounded bird might escape and that the dead one could not? His master assured me that he had done the same thing on various former occasions.

Certainly there can be no question that this was an act of reason.

TWO WONDERFUL SHEPHERD DOGS.

The remarkable intelligence of the shepherd dog is so well known that it is superfluous to comment upon it, but examples of his

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extraordinary sagacity and reason are always interesting and worthy of record.

During a visit to France only a few weeks ago, I was strolling along a country road in the valley of the Seine, a few miles below Rouen. I met an elderly shepherd and two dogs, driving a flock of eighty-six sheep. The man carried a long staff in his hand and walked leisurely along the edge of the roadway, while the dogs without his aid managed the sheep.

The fields of that part of the country are usually separated from the highways by low hedges. These are, in many places, broken into gaps that admit the passage of sheep.

All sheep dogs are clever. Two which Mr. Garner came across in France had been taught to obey complicated orders, and evinced intelligence which was little short of human. Their doings are fully described on pages 560 and 561.

Along the base of the hedge, as a rule, is a shallow ditch, and from the hedge to the road is always a luxuriant belt of grass some fifteen feet in width.

The sheep marched on the grass and were permitted to eat as much as they wished, so long as they did not graze on the bank of the ditch next to the hedge. One of the dogs kept the sheep out of the road and directed the head of the column, while the other guarded the inner bank of the ditch and brought up the rear.

The leader with an air of military dignity marched on the left flank near the head of the line, frequently glancing back to see if any of his truant wards strayed into the road. When one occasionally did so he turned about in a threatening manner, but instead of running towards it simply made a peculiar sound, between a bark and a whine The sheep understood it, and rarely failed to obey it promptly.

The other dog, in perfect silence, ran backwards and forwards along the edge and about the rear of the column. He was ever on the alert for any sheep that dared to poach upon the inner bank of the ditch. There were, indeed, a few that would steal an occasional tuft of the forbidden grass, and one young ram, more defiant than the rest, persisted in doing so.

The dog kept watching him, but to little effect, and finally becoming exasperated at his persistence he rushed at the offender, who tried vainly to escape among the others. He was pursued into the heart of the flock, caught, and severely nipped. The old shepherd gave the act a smile of approval, and in a few moments the flock, which had been somewhat disorganised, was again rounded up into marching order.

Presently we came to a grassy lane leading off to the right-hand of the road. On each

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side of it was a rather ragged hedge. As the head of the column reached the mouth of the lane, the shepherd, in a tone of command, said to the dog in advance—

"*Au droit!*" (to the right!)

In quick response the dog sprang to the front, turned to the right, gave a low bark, and the sheep promptly followed him down the lane.

Meanwhile the rear dog, without further notice and with great energy, darted backwards and forwards through the gaps of the hedge, across the angle between the road and the lane, and kept any of the flock from passing into the field on his side. When the sheep were fairly into the lane the man said:

"*Reposez!*" (stand at ease!)

The dog ahead turned facing the sheep, gave a sharp bark, and the sheep stopped and began eating grass. After a brief rest the shepherd, without moving or giving any signal to indicate the meaning of his command, said:

"*Allons!*" (forward!)

Immediately the leader sped to the mouth of the lane, gave another bark, while the rear dog in silence ran round to the opposite side, and in an instant the march was resumed in perfect order.

After leaving the lane and advancing some two or three hundred yards, the man, pointing to the rear dog, who was busily rushing about to keep the flock in order, said to me that the dog guarding the rear had to work very hard, and was tired. Then, turning again to the leader, he said in a clear tone:

"*Echangez!*" (change about!)

And then to the rear dog:

"*Avant!*" (go ahead!)

Whereupon the two dogs instantly changed places. The remarkable feature of the act was that each dog assumed the conduct of the other when occupying the new place, and discharged the duties of his new office in exactly the same manner as his

This bulldog never allows his little charge to go near to the fireplace.

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Going into a barn a labourer dropped a lighted match, which caught fire to some straw. He was accompanied by the farmer's dog, who promptly put out the flames, and ever afterwards objected to anyone lighting a match in his presence.

predecessor, the new leader doing the barking and the old one doing the rounding up in perfect silence.

A CLEVER BULLDOG.

There is now living on the north side of London a family who own a bulldog that has assumed a guardianship over the baby of the household. The dog does not permit the child under any condition to go near the fire. Whenever he observes her approaching it he deliberately rises to the situation, puts himself between the child and the fire, and by force compels her to keep away from it. He is a sedate and stolid member of his race, but there is no doubt in the minds of his family that he is perfectly conscious of the risk the child runs when approaching too near the grate, and also of his duty towards her.

TWO DOGS WHO OBJECT TO MATCHES.

A friend of mine now living in Richmond has a well-bred fox-terrier that will not permit anyone to light a match in the house if he can prevent it. Recently his master accidently threw a lighted match upon the floor which came near causing a conflagration. The dog, observing it, attacked the fire with its paws and extinguished it, and since that time he will not suffer anyone to light a match. Out of doors, however, he is quite indifferent, and you may light as many as you choose.

Another friend has a setter dog which once saved his master's house and barn from destruction by fire. In going to the barn just after dark one of my friend's farm hands struck a match to light his lantern.

The burning match was carelessly dropped in the yard, and the man went into the barn. The fire accidentally caught some dry straw just outside the door, and the dog discovered it when it was just beginning to blaze. He sprang upon it with his feet, fought it until he subdued it, and in doing so seriously burned himself.

While he was in the act of fighting the fire he barked so loudly as to attract attention. But by the time assistance reached him he had the fire under

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control. Afterwards he would never permit anyone to light a match in his presence indoors or out.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER PROTECTOR.

As an example of dutiful attention to his friends I would point to a black and white mongrel which I recently saw. Walking through the suburbs of a town one day I came into a new street which had just been opened to the public. As I entered the street I observed a little girl of about three years of age playing by herself in the clean sand and gravel which covered the street and footpath.

Beside her was a white doll's carriage, covered with a white awning and containing a large, handsome doll and a miniature tennis ball and racquet. Near to the carriage lay a black and white dog of medium size and doubtful breed.

At the sound of my approaching footsteps the little girl looked up at me. She had a charming face, set in a half circle of clustering yellow curls. Directly she saw me she smiled in the friendliest way in the world, and, being very fond of children, I stopped and said to her:

"Good morning. You look very——"

But before I had time to finish the sentence—"happy to-day"—the dog, with his bristles erect, sprang to his feet, stalked to the side of the child, and, with a low, guttural warning, challenged my advance.

Being also fond of dogs, and rarely meeting one that will not make friends with me, I whistled kindly and snapped my fingers to him; but he ignored all overtures of friendship. The child gently laid her hand upon his back, and in a sweet, baby voice said:

"Dood mo'nin'!"

For a moment I hesitated lest, if I should attempt to withdraw, the dog might attack, and I should be compelled in self-defence to hurt him, which I did not wish to do. I admired him for his honest devotion to his precious little charge and for his courage in showing it.

The child, with her hand still resting on the dog's back, said assuringly:

"Jack won't bite you if you don't touch me," and as she spoke the dog glanced at her as though he knew what she was saying. But he stood firm and gave no sign of weakening. He made no further threat, but kept his eyes on me.

Covertly watching him, I cautiously drew aside, and the dog lowered his bristles and slightly wagged his tail, but without relaxing his vigilance. When I had retired to a distance of some ten feet away he evinced certain signs of relief, but was still suspicious and watchful. He then shifted his position, turned his head away, and licked the child's hand, as if to assure her of his protection.

Feeling myself at a safe distance, I said to the child:

"Whose little girl are you?"

While I was speaking the dog barked two or three times, but not defiantly; and, in answer to my question, the child, in her frank, innocent way, replied:

"I's papa's baby."

Remaining where I was standing, I continued, addressing the child:

"And what is your name, little fairy?"

And again the dog barked uneasily; but she, with her hand on his back, said:

"Woot, my name is Woot."

By which, as I afterwards learned, she meant to say that her name was Ruth. Just at that moment a lady appeared at the door of the house, and called out to the dog:

"Jack, lie down!" And then, addressing me, continued: "He will not harm you unless you touch the child or her playthings."

As she spoke she came down the gravel walk towards the gate, and remarked as she came:

"I heard him calling me and knew that something was wrong. I always know that peculiar bark."

When she reached the gate, which was standing ajar, the dog met her and wagged his tail in evident relief at her coming. In return she patted him kindly upon his head, and stroked him gently in token of her approval of what he had done.

A FOX-TERRIER WHO GOES SHOPPING.

In obedience to the authority of men, dogs, no doubt, often do things which they know to be wrong. But we have not always the means of knowing the state of a dog's mind. However, there are many instances on record, where dogs have protested against certain acts which they knew were errors. This fact is clearly illustrated in the conduct of a smart fox-terrier called Buck.

The little fellow had been trained to do certain useful errands for his master, and the intelligence and certainty with which he executed his offices were, of themselves, sufficient to show that his mind was clear and active. But Buck exercised discretion and

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judgment on certain occasions, which prove that his conduct was directed by genuine reason.

He usually went to the grocer, the butcher, and various other tradesmen for his master or mistress. He was given a different basket or bag on each mission. Among other places where Buck went was a certain fruiterer's. Here he usually bought oranges, and the receptacle in which he carried them home was a small netted bag with open meshes about an inch wide.

The money was wrapped in a sheet of paper, placed in the bag, and given to the dog. Without receiving a word of command, he set out for the fruit shop. The man in charge would take out the money or note, put the oranges into the bag, and give it to the dog, who trotted away home with it.

On one occasion his master wrote a note to the greengrocer, asking for lemons instead of oranges, and accordingly six lemons were placed in the bag and handed to the dog; but the latter sat down and barked. He absolutely refused to take them. For a time the man was much perplexed at the conduct of the animal, who was one of his most frequent customers and was usually so prompt in the transaction of his business. Time and again he tried to induce him to take the bag and go; but each time the dog refused and kept barking.

At length it was suggested to try him by putting oranges into the bag instead of lemons. This was done, and the dog immediately picked up the bag and ran home with it.

His master, naturally, saw the mistake, which he of course attributed to the carelessness of the vendor. So he scribbled a note, put it into the bag with the oranges, gave it to the dog and sent him back to the shop. In a short time the faithful creature returned with the lemons; but usually the cheeriest of dogs, he now slunk reluctantly into the house, and instead of holding the parcel up for his master to take it, he laid it at his feet and crouched down by the side of it as though he had committed some great crime. His master took up the bag, patted the dog and reassured him.

On the following day the greengrocer explained the cause of the mistake, and from that time forward Buck was regarded as a prodigy of his race. Whatever view one may take of it, there can be no question that reason guided his actions. I know of few instances that equal and none which excel this feat of canine reason.

This fox-terrier used to be sent to a grocer to fetch oranges. One day the greengrocer put lemons into the bag instead of oranges, and it was with great difficulty that he persuaded the dog to take them home.

I have many more anecdotes I should like to relate, some of them quite as striking as those you have already heard. But I think I have trespassed quite long enough on your patience, and said enough to convince you that if dogs have not the full reasoning powers of a human being, they possess, at least, very remarkable intelligences.

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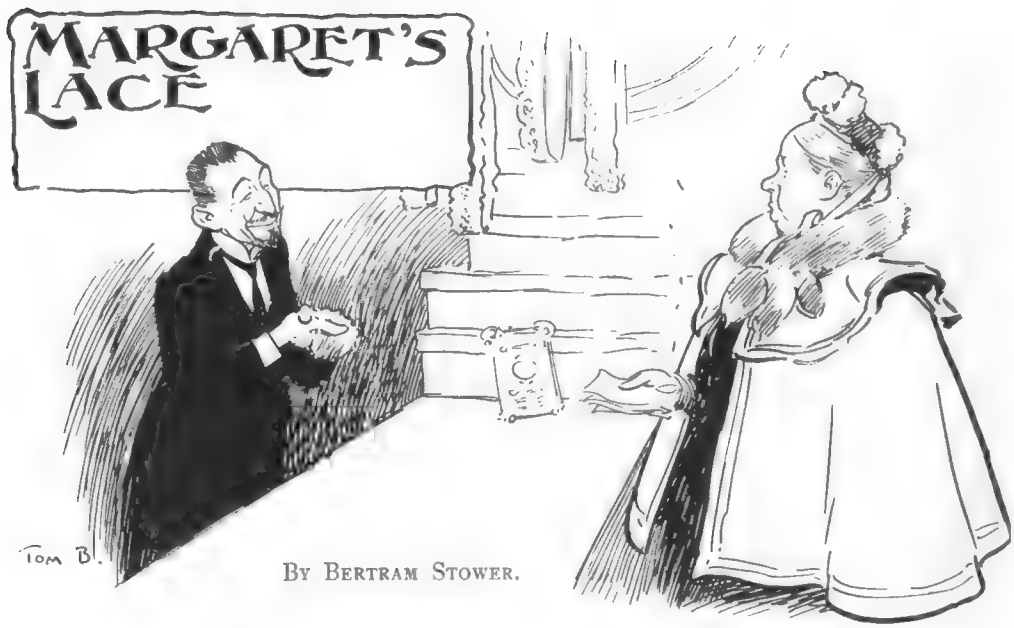
MARGARET'S LACE



By Bertram Stower.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Kell impatiently, at the same time closing her box with a bang. "That is packed at last and we shall be leaving Brussels in a couple of hours without one bit of lace. It's a great bother having to leave so suddenly. To take back some Brussels lace for Margaret was my chief object in coming here with you, John!"

"More lace!" groaned the Reverend John Kell wearily. "It has been nothing but lace, lace, all day! I tell you, Mary, I dare not spend any more money. We have only just enough to take us home; so it is useless for you to grumble."

"You managed to spare enough to buy some tobacco for old Giles and a box of cigars for yourself," remarked his wife with annoyance. "But, of course, you could not spare me any for lace, which Margaret quite expects!"

"Tobacco is cheap here," said the Reverend John, tying a label on his box with a sigh of relief. "But I shall not argue the matter. I am going down to have a smoke."

From this brief conversation it may be gathered that Mrs. Kell was a little out of humour. She admitted it herself. But then, it was stupid to visit Brussels and not buy some lace.

Just then the door flew open in the usual unceremonious manner of the Continent. A waiter bustled in with a letter.

Mrs. Kell recognised the writing. She eagerly tore it open and read:

"Dearest Mother,—Auntie has just sent me the inclosed notes"—here a cry of pleasure escaped Mrs. Kell's lips and she hastily extracted two crisp "fivers"—"Please buy me a lot of white lace, also a collarette. You might let me know when you are returning. Some time this week, I suppose. —In haste to catch the post—Your loving daughter—Margaret."

There was a look of triumph on her face. The ill-humour had completely vanished. John was sick of lace! Then she would go alone and buy it! That settled, she hastily put on her hat and left the hotel.

The Rue du Midi abounded in the desired shops. One particularly attracted her attention. The window was artistically dressed with lace, and in large letters stuck on the glass she read "English here spoke."

After spending some minutes admiring it, she went inside.

"I want some lace," she said, holding the notes lightly in her hand.

"*Oui, oui,* madame. I vill show you the best in all Brussels."

The little Belgian fussed about, and in a short time had placed a large assortment on the counter.

"I will take that," said Mrs. Kell, pointing to a charming collarette, "and this"—she laid aside several yards of excellent lace—"*combien!*"

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"Dat vill be two hundred francs. I vill call vun franc, vun sheeling, and dat will be ten pounds in your coins."

He looked at the notes as Mrs. Kell handed them over.

"Bank of Angleterre notes—*oui, oui*, I vill take dem."

At that moment a horrible thought struck her.

"Goodness gracious!" she cried in alarm. "What about the duty? I have spent all my money on the lace. Whatever shall I do?"

"Your ladysheep need not excite herself about dat," said the little man coolly, giving her the parcel of lace. "Lots of peoples buy lace from me. Vun man I know crosses de frontier and carries his lace like dis"—he lifted his leg and imitated a person binding something round it—"Den dare is an Engleeshman. He come into mon establishment so thin, but, *mon Dieu!* he goes over de frontier so large, and I grow rich."

"How dare you tell me such abominable stories!" cried Mrs. Kell indignantly. "Good day!" and she swept haughtily out of the shop.

The short walk to the hotel gave her time for consideration. She racked her brain in vain for a suitable plan. One thing was certain—she would not breathe a word to John.

It was not until she had locked herself in her bedroom that inspiration came. She wondered why she had not thought of it before. It was so simple.

Precisely ten minutes after entering, she unlocked her door and came downstairs. The lace had apparently vanished. It was not in her box. John's portmanteau was too securely locked to arouse suspicion. There was no smell of burning, no ashes in the stove; so it could not have been burnt. The fate of the lace was shrouded in mystery.

Mrs. Kell discovered her husband fast asleep in the smoke-room.

"Come! Wake up, sleepy head!" she cried playfully, giving him a shake.

The Reverend John rubbed his eyes, and looked at his watch.

"Dear me!" he said. "It is four o'clock! Only half-an-hour more in Brussels! Just time for a cup of coffee."

Having finished their coffee they drove to the *Gare du Nord* and in a short time were seated in the train for Antwerp.

Mrs. Kell's thoughts would recur to the lace. She began to feel a trifle nervous. The passengers appeared to look at her suspiciously. When the train pulled up at a station it was worse. Everybody seemed to look in the carriage. And when a gendarme entered the compartment at Malines, Mrs. Kell very nearly collapsed.

It was a relief when the train reached Antwerp. They soon boarded the boat. Mrs. Kell immediately retired to her cabin and did not appear on deck until the steamer had sailed some miles down the Scheldt.

It was wonderful what a damping effect the lace had on her spirits. She had been looking forward with pleasure to the voyage home and now she did not care a bit for anything. Her husband's conversation bored her and yet he would talk!

"John," she said suddenly, interrupting in the midst of an eloquent eulogy on the view, "do they search everybody at Harwich?"

"No, my dear, not everybody. But I have heard that the Customs officers are so experienced that they can tell at a glance whom to search. Such people, you know, always give themselves away somehow or other."

Mrs. Kell felt more uncomfortable than ever.

"Do you think they would search me?"

"My dear Mary? Why do you ask such absurd questions! Let us change the subject. See"—waving his arm up the river—"how stately Antwerp looks as we recede. Does not the Cathedral spire look splendid in the distance? However, I am feeling hungry. We might as well go down to the saloon and have dinner."

Mrs. Kell could not eat and felt quite annoyed at seeing her husband make a hearty meal. What right had he to eat when she felt so wretched?

"What do you think the Customs men would say if they found lace on me?" she said, trying to appear indifferent.

The Reverend John laid down his knife and fork and laughed unsuspiciously.

"Oh, Mary! you will never forget that lace. Find lace on you, indeed! Why, you might as well say at once if they found lace on *me!*"

"And why not?" said Mrs. Kell warmly. "Of course, I know you are a model of virtue"—this sarcastically—"but pray answer my question!"

"Well, then, of course, I can't say exactly, but I read of a woman the other day being detected at Harwich trying to smuggle saccharine. She got six months, and well deserved it!"

"You are a heartless brute," exclaimed his wife warmly, at the same time rising from the table. "Let us go on deck,"

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The boat had now entered the sea and her rolling added to Mrs. Kell's alarm.

It was growing late. The Reverend John Kell, having smoked a cigar, advised his wife to go below.

"I am too much worried to sleep."

"You need not be alarmed, my dear," he said soothingly. "This powerful steamer will not sink."

"I wish it would! I don't want to reach Harwich!"

"Why! whatever is the matter?"

"Only this," said Mrs. Kell, determined now to confess all. "Your wife is a—smuggler!"

"A what!" he almost shouted in surprise.

"Yes, a real smuggler with yards and yards of lace concealed on her! I did it for Margaret—Margy sent me ten pounds this morning to buy her lace—I spent it all. It was all the fault of the little Belgian shopman—he persuaded me to buy such a lot—then he told me some tales of smuggling—that made me do it—it was the only chance of saving the lace—oh! John, dear! do help me! I am so frightened!"

Stepping to the side of the ship, he raised his arm as if to throw it over.

The Reverend John Kell had listened to this confession in mute surprise. It must be a dream! He could not realise that Mary, *his wife*, after all the eloquent sermons she had heard from his lips, had yielded to temptation!

His silence annoyed her.

"Of course, you cannot suggest anything!"

"In the first place, where is the lace?" he said, collecting his thoughts.

Mrs. Kell blushed.

"I—er—I will go and fetch it," she stammered confusedly.

Quite a quarter of an hour elapsed before she returned and handed her husband a small brown paper parcel. This the Reverend John took and stepping to the side of the ship, he raised his arm as if to throw it over. A cry from his wife changed his mind, and instead, he crammed it into his pocket.

"Oh, John! It is so beautiful! Poor Margaret will be disappointed! I shall blame you for its loss if I am not searched after all."

The Reverend John made no answer, and, wishing each other good-night, he and his wife retired to their respective cabins.

The reverend gentleman locked the door, sat down, and undid the parcel. Fortunately, the ship was not crowded, so he had the cabin to himself. He spread the collarette on his knees. He was charmed with it. What marvellous work! Those flowers! The time they must have taken! It would be a sin to throw it away! He opened his purse. No good! With a sigh he laid the lace on a chair, undressed, and, climbing into his berth, in a few minutes was fast asleep.

He was roused by the steward tapping at his door: "Time to get up, sir; we're just off Harwich."

The Reverend John clambered out of his berth and commenced dressing.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated—his eyes

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alighting on the lace, "I must drop it through the port-hole."

He tried in vain to unfasten the latch. Quite overcome with his exertions he sat down. Once again his eyes were attracted by the lace. How disappointed Margaret would be! He could not make up his mind to destroy it; the port-hole refused to open—this must be the hand of fate.

The boat was fast approaching the quay and in a few minutes would be moored alongside, so there was no time to be lost.

The Reverend John Kell therefore thoughtfully rolled up one trouser leg. He next divided the lace into two equal bundles; a little twisting and tying and the calf of that leg had developed to a size which would have turned Sandow green with envy. Half the lace had vanished. A similar operation on the other leg absorbed the remainder.

Having completed his toilet he went on deck and soon discovered his wife.

"Good morning, my dear," he said, "I hope you had a good night."

"I could not sleep a bit for thinking of the lace! What did you do with it?"

The Reverend John had anticipated this question, so with a solemn face, he gravely replied:

"I am surprised at your wishing to recall so painful a subject."

Mrs. Kell, quite unabashed, repeated her question.

Her husband had hardly bargained for this.

"It is below," he said evasively, looking at his boots. "Let us go ashore."

They found their luggage placed on a long table awaiting the Customs inspection.

"I suppose we shall be searched soon?" remarked his wife, observing the officers hurrying about in all directions.

The Reverend John did not reply. He appeared lost in thought.

"My word! I'll risk it!" he thought. "It will show Mary that I was right and may also divert suspicion from myself."

Without saying a word he walked quickly to the furthest end of the inclosure, quite unconscious that his wife's eyes were curiously fixed on his retreating figure.

A Customs officer was examining a box. He touched him on the shoulder.

"I say, my man," he said in a low voice, "do you see that lady over there, with the furs round her neck?"

The officer nodded.

"Well, I think you had better search her, but don't say who gave you the information."

The officer hastened away, and the Reverend John Kell anxiously awaited developments.

"Madam, will you kindly step this way!"

Mrs. Kell wheeled round and discovered a blue-coated, peak-capped man standing in front of her.

"What for?" she demanded indignantly.

"You had better come quietly. It is useless to make a disturbance. I have just received information which warrants me in having you searched."

Mrs. Kell protested. It was ridiculous! He was most insulting! Did he know who she was?

The officer was obdurate and she eventually followed him into an office, where a female searcher made a most minute examination of her apparel.

The investigation proved unproductive and she left the office, burning with rage and indignation. Outside, she was met by the peak-capped man, who apologised for his unfortunate mistake.

"Oh, don't mention it!" said Mrs. Kell icily. "The innocent are often mistaken for the guilty!"

She laid her hand on his arm.

"But, listen, I believe a clergyman caused this search."

He nodded and muttered something about wishing he had an opportunity of landing him.

"Well, that man deceived you! *He* only set you on to me to remove suspicion from himself—you noticed how stout he was; and——"

But the officer had vanished.

The Reverend John Kell was beginning to breathe more freely. His box had been searched and duly "chalked." Everything had happened happily, and he was inwardly congratulating himself when a hand fell somewhat roughly on his shoulder.

"Got you at last!" exclaimed the officer, for he it was.

"How dare you speak to me like that?"

"Now, look here, you aren't going to bluff me a second time I can tell you! You just come along with me."

"I shall do nothing of the sort!" said the reverend gentleman coolly. "Nothing but a team of horses will induce me to go along with you!"

Such drastic measures, however, were not found necessary. Two officers easily accomplished the work, and the Reverend John was led down the quay.

A cold feeling crept over him as he

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stepped into the office. He immediately confessed and turning up his trousers discovered the lace.

"Hem," said the officer, grinning sarcastically, "rather a shame to hide such pretty trimming!"

"Such comments are unnecessary," said the Reverend John quietly, as with many blushes he unwrapped the lace.

"So that is all, sir?"

The officer glanced at the small heap which had accumulated on the floor.

"Yes!" emphatically.

"Just so! But I seem to remember your face. It strikes me you left here a few weeks back with a much smaller waist. You lived well on the Continent—eh?"

"You are most impertinent!" said the Reverend John, endeavouring to restrain his anger. "Kindly attend to your own business!"

"I will!" was the brisk reply. "Take off your coat and vest."

The Reverend John Kell submitted to the examination without even losing his temper. He knew it was best so. Even when the officer gave him sundry nips through his shirt, to see that there was no padding, he only smiled and accepted them with Christian forbearance.

The officer seemed quite displeased at finding that his figure was genuine and, with an expression of annoyance, proceeded to turn out his pockets.

"Hullo! What's this?" he demanded triumphantly, holding up a small packet.

"Well, I declare——"

"That's just what you ought to have done," exclaimed the officer smiling appreciatively at his own wit, "but it's too late now and you'll have to take the consequences."

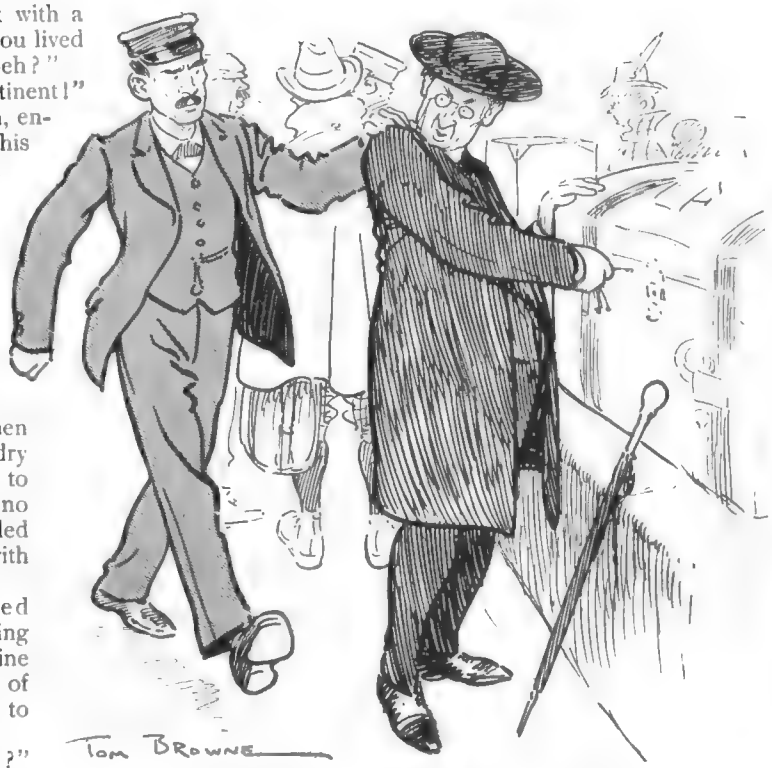
"But I had completely forgotten. That is a pound of tobacco which I bought for a friend—I assure——"

"Ah! Here's another!"

The officer pulled out a small box of cigars.

"That looks like nothing more, doesn't it?" he said, annoyed at his victim's complacency and apparent good humour. "Why, you're like a London Stores. Chock-full of all sorts of things. Nothing more, indeed! Just you come along with me and have a talk to the Senior Officer!"

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Kell could not imagine why her husband was detained so long. She had expected him to return quite half-an-hour back. Yet, no John appeared. At last, growing impatient, she walked down to the quay and peeped in the searching-room. Nobody was there. What could it all mean!



"Got you at last!" exclaimed the officer.

The peak-capped Customs officer happened to pass at the moment.

Mrs. Kell, assuming an air of indifference, inquired about his victim.

"Oh! We have made a grand capture!" he said, delighted to have someone to brag to. "I must thank you for giving me the information."

"Oh, pray don't!" she cried hastily.

"He was stout," he continued facetiously, "but I have considerably reduced his weight

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Mrs. Kell rushed forward and impetuously threw her arms around her husband's neck.

—just think of the old fellow trying to get you into trouble, when all the while——" He looked round mysteriously.

"Go on—quick!—Do!"

"When all the time he had got no end of tobacco—cigars—and yards and yards of lace."

"Lace!"

"Yes, ma'am, lace! Wasn't it funny!"

"What are they going to do with him?"

"Oh, he will be out soon. The Senior has been rather lenient. I expect he thinks he's really a parson."

Mrs. Kell heaved a sigh of relief.

"If I were you," continued the officer, mistaking it for fear, "I should scoot. There is no knowing what he might do if he suspected you. It makes them awfully wild."

"Tell me where he is."

The officer pointed to a building close by.

"He's in there. But remember I warned you, so don't blame me."

Before he had finished speaking, Mrs. Kell was at the door. She opened it, and heedless of the astonished Senior Officer, she rushed forward and impetuously threw her arms around her husband's neck, and with many expressions of sorrow begged his forgiveness.

"It's all right, Mary," he said, endeavouring to free himself from her embrace. "Half my case is settled. I am so far fined fifteen shillings on the tobacco and cigars."

Mrs. Kell joyfully gave him a kiss.

"What about the lace?" she whispered.

"He hasn't come to it yet. Goodness only knows how much that will be," this also whispered.

Mrs. Kell stood up and faced the officer.

"You have fined him quite enough," she said. "It was all my fault he got into this trouble. I think you might at least overlook the lace." She looked at him pleadingly.

"Under the circumstances I will grant your request," agreed the Senior Officer, with a short laugh.

Mrs. Kell's spirits rose immediately.

"Trust your wife to get you out of a fix, John!" she cried gaily.

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The Reverend John was overjoyed at getting off so lightly.

"I hope," he said, as he paid the fine, "you will accept the cigars as a slight recognition of your courtesy. I would like to include the tobacco, but I have already promised it to a friend."

"Thank you!" said the Commissioner drily, "unfortunately, both are confiscated!"

Throughout this interview Mrs. Kell's spirits had been rising and falling like a weather-glass. They now sank from "change" to "stormy."

"I suppose the lace is also," she remarked, endeavouring to modify her indignation, "and I dare say you would like to confiscate my husband too."

"Hush, Mary," reproved the Reverend John, putting on his coat, which, in the excitement of the search, he had forgotten to don again.

"On the contrary, madam," replied the Senior Officer laughing, "I have no desire nor power to do that. You are welcome to take away your husband at your will, and, as for the lace"—he took up the parcel and placed it in her hands—"I said before that I would overlook it. The method adopted in bringing it over is certainly peculiar, yet it is not illegal. The fact is, there is no duty on lace, nor has there been for the last forty years."

* * * * *

Margaret often wears the lace—it is one of her most treasured possessions—and when wearing it she seldom fails to remind her parents of their pleasant holiday in Brussels.

On such occasions the Reverend John will narrate many personal experiences and reminiscences of the visit.

But he has never yet been known to tell what would certainly prove the most interesting story, of how he himself once wore Margaret's lace.

THE RHYME OF THE SITTER-OUT.

Joan, with an air of settled gloom
Upon my mobile face,
I eye you dancing round the room,
A miracle of grace.
I note your partner smile with glee
While whirling you about.
Alas! such joys are not for me,
For I'm a sitter-out.

To watch my fellow-men and feel
That they're enjoying life
Should be enough the wound to heal
And blunt Remorse's knife.
I ought to be content, I know;
I should be soothed, no doubt;
But still at times one finds it slow
To be a sitter-out.

I might have learned in days gone by
The waltz its graceful swing,
Had I consented but to try.
But did I? No such thing.
Extraneous aid, though kindly lent,
Consistently I'd flout.
And mark the dreadful punishment,
I'm now a sitter-out.

Oh, spare, I beg, a single glance,
Devotion's only fee;
Eschew for once the mazy dance,
And come and talk to me.
Ah, shun me not; turn not away
With irritated pout,
But comfort for a space, I pray,
A luckless sitter-out.

The scales have fallen from my eyes,
I see the vivid truth;
Fully at last I realise
The folly of my youth.
I might have learned when young and slim,
And now I'm old and stout,
I'm only fit in wind and limb
To be a sitter-out.

Whatever subject's to your mind
I'll probe it with a will;
Yea, even, if you feel inclined,
Talk Education Bill.
I'll range from China to Peru,
I'll skim from golf to gout;
My brain shall be ransacked for you
When we are sitting-out.

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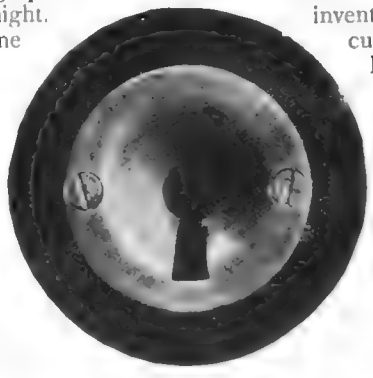
Part of the record catch of salmon that numbered over 50,000.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

Wanted by the Editor of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE: *Any Number of Curious Photographs or Photographic Curiosities.*

50,000 SALMON IN A NIGHT.

FAIRHAVEN, near Washington, in the United States, is one of the finest salmon fisheries in the world. Here is a photograph of a catch of salmon taken in one night. The fish were all caught in one net or "trap," as the salmon net is technically known. In this catch there are more than 50,000 salmon, and their weights vary from ten to eighty pounds. Thus the total weight in pounds would come out to well over seven figures. It seems that they catch fish—as they do everything else in America—on the wholesale method.



A "whiskey" keyhole.

NOT FOR TEETOTALERS.

You have, of course, often tried to unlock your front door at night in a hurry and found it hard. First you cannot find the keyhole, and then you cannot get your key where the hole is. A useful device has been invented for getting out of the difficulty. It is a keyhole shaped like a funnel. Your key is bound to slip in at once, and no time is lost.

These keyholes are largely used at fire stations, where everything has to be done in a great hurry; but it might well be of use anywhere. The common name for this useful article is a "whiskey" keyhole—a rather unkind hit at those who at times dine not wisely, but too well, and find some difficulty in putting the key where the keyhole is.

A fence of elk horns is just as good for defensive purposes as barbed wire.

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A FENCE OF ELK HORNS.

"Out West" in Montana at a certain time of the year the elks herd together and cast their last year's horns.

These horns can be picked up in great numbers, and are shipped over to Europe, where people put them up in their front halls as trophies. But in Montana they are used for all sorts of domestic purposes. Here is an example of elk horns used to fence round the garden of a house in Livingstone, Montana. The horns are carefully dovetailed together, and form an ideal fence, much better for keeping out undesirable people than nails or barbed wire.

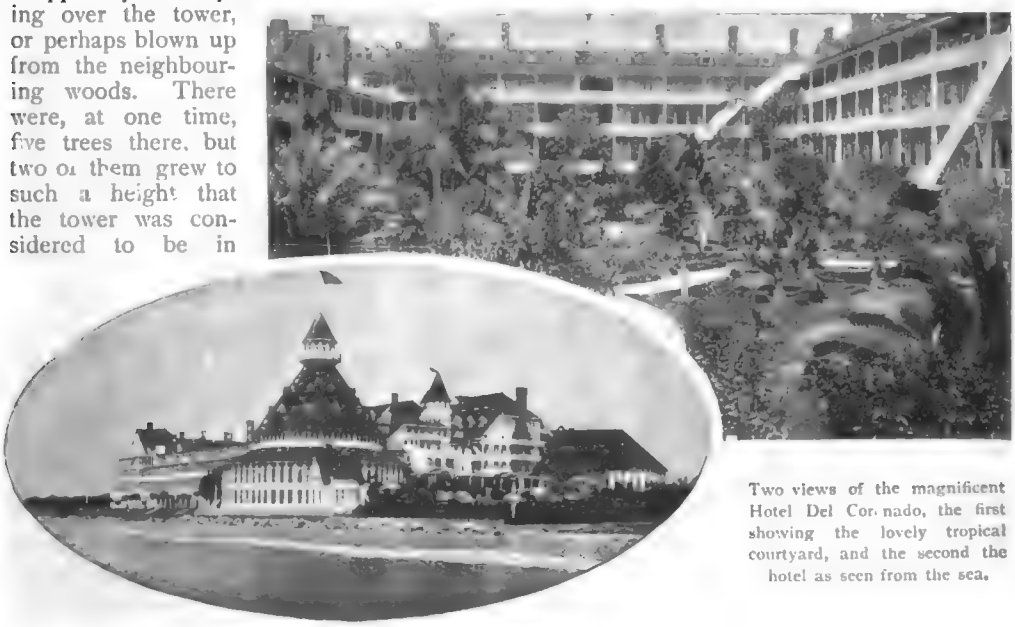
Three trees in a tower.

TREES IN MID-AIR.

At first sight of the photograph reproduced here of the three trees growing on top of the high tower, everyone is sure to ask how they got there. It is just possible that some energetic gardener climbed up the tower one night and planted them there, with the idea that it would be a good advertisement for him. But it is more probable that the seeds were dropped by birds flying over the tower, or perhaps blown up from the neighbouring woods. There were, at one time, five trees there, but two of them grew to such a height that the tower was considered to be in danger. The tower is that of the Court House of Greensburg, in Indiana, U.S.A.

THE LATEST THING IN HOTELS.

Coronado beach is world-famed for its beauty and its lovely climate, and the Hotel Del Coronado, there situated, certainly has no equal. It is so arranged that the sun visits each room for a considerable time every day. There is no "back" to the hotel. You either face the beautiful tropical court-yard with its galaxy of flowers and shrubs, or you look out upon the blue expanse of ocean or the Bay of San Diego. This is accomplished by building the hotel in the form of a square, and nowhere more than two rooms deep. There are no fewer than thirty billiard tables, of which four are specially built for ladies. Certainly this is wonderful forethought on the part of the managers, and we envy the hotel guests for that as well as for their glorious surroundings. Everyone will feel that it is a great pity this place isn't nearer home.



Two views of the magnificent Hotel Del Coronado, the first showing the lovely tropical courtyard, and the second the hotel as seen from the sea.

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UNCLE ALFRED

Being a further episode in the amazing and good-for-nothing existence of Mr. Alfred Dimmock.

By Charles James.

Sir Alfred Dimmock, Chairman of the Harbour and Docks Committee and Director of the Great Threadneedle Street Bank, was a personage, and no name stood higher than his throughout the City of London. In the course of a busy life he had amassed a colossal fortune, and honours as well as riches had been heaped upon him.

But he had not succeeded in obtaining the admiration of his fellows—though a rich man never lacks for friends—so-called. Although birth, education, and a certain amount of natural refinement forbade the vulgarity of being purse-proud, he was yet rather assertive, on the strength of his commercial success—a trifle apt to overrate himself at the expense of others—and above all, pompous in manner, to a most exasperating degree.

Not a character which appealed to his nephew—our old friend Mr. Alfred Dimmock—at all.

"It is my mission to deal with such men," he would say sadly, "I know it; I feel it here," he added, thumping his right breast. "No, I mean here," correcting himself and thumping the left one instead. "My natural melancholy is increased tenfold when I reflect upon the way in which that estimable and puffed up old gentleman is hedged around with respectability so thick that you might lean up against it."

"Uncle Alfred" almost invariably used the same club as his nephew—the eminently respectable Senior Oxford—to take luncheon at, and it was on this neutral ground, as a rule, that the two men met. Occasionally Sir Alfred would ask his young relative to dine at his house in Stanhope Street.

On the particular occasion of this story, Mr. Dimmock, arriving somewhat early at the "Senior," first smoked a cigarette, and then idly wandered to the bay window overlooking Piccadilly. Outside, on the broad pavement, was an individual whose seedy attire and general deportment seemed to be, in some vague way, familiar to him. And just at that moment a voice at his elbow disturbed his musings.

"Good morning, Alfred." The words were spoken in the rich, unctuous tones of no less a personage than Sir Alfred Dimmock himself. "Are you lunching alone to-day? If so, will you come to my table?"

They shook hands and proceeded to the

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dining-room. During the course of the meal, Sir Alfred asked his nephew to dine with him that same night.

"I have some—ah—rather good people coming," he said; he omitted to add that one of the said "good people" had just written excusing himself, and that Alfred was being asked merely to fill up the gap thereby created.

Mr. Dimmock, having nothing else to do, accepted, and soon afterwards said good-bye and returned to the bay window of the smoking-room. The seedy-looking individual still loafed about outside on the pavement. Gazing absently at him, Mr. Dimmock slowly lit a cigar, and then a slight smile began to illumine his face.

"Ah, I remember now!" he murmured to himself. "Yes, my friend, you have a nasty thing called a writ in your pocket, and you are patiently awaiting your Alfred—my own little self!—in order to serve it. So sorry," he continued, settling comfortably into an arm-chair and taking up *Punch*, "I may be *quite* a long time before I leave here, to-day!"

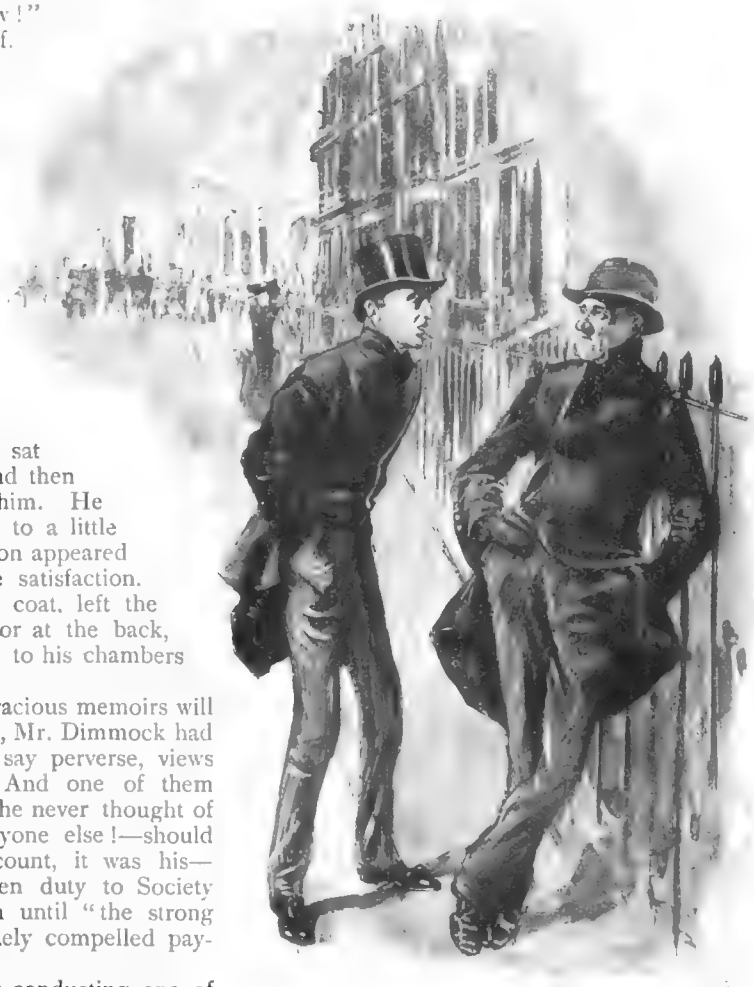
For half-an hour he sat smoking and reading, and then an idea suddenly struck him. He thought he saw his way to a little amusement, and the notion appeared to give him considerable satisfaction. He secured his hat and coat, left the club by the servants' door at the back, and walked rapidly home to his chambers in the Temple.

As readers of these veracious memoirs will be quite prepared to hear, Mr. Dimmock had distinctly erratic, not to say perverse, views upon certain subjects. And one of them was, that if any tailor—he never thought of applying the rule to anyone else!—should badger him for his account, it was his—Mr. Dimmock's—bounden duty to Society to disregard such claim until "the strong arm of the law" absolutely compelled payment.

He had been leisurely conducting one of these feuds until the sartorialists—who had no sense of humour, where it touched their own pockets—had determined to bring their eccentric customer to book, by the summary process of issuing a writ against him.

Mr. Dimmock happened to have recently left his chambers in the Albany for more commodious ones in the Temple, so that the man employed to serve the writ, not knowing the new address, had hung about the "Senior" each day, in hopes of pouncing on his prey at luncheon time. And Dimmock, who knew his London thoroughly, had recognised him as a regular hand at the business.

Just as the process-server was thinking of giving up his task for the day, another seedy-looking person with clean-shaven face and



"Same job as me, I s'pose, mate?" observed the newcomer interrogatively.

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collar turned up to the chin, effectually hiding all trace of linen, slouched up to him, and nodded familiarly.

"Same job as me, I s'pose, mate?" observed the newcomer interrogatively.

The process-server looked at him closely and then, apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, replied:

"Blisters?"*

The new man nodded, and then asked:

"Who's your man?"

"Cove called Dimmock—Halfred Dimmock. Know 'im?"

"Oh, I knows *'im*. Big, robustious sort o' man. I'll point him out to yer to-morrer, if you come 'ere. 'E's gone away by now."

"Much obliged to yer, mate. Yes, I'll be 'ere to-morrer, at one-thirty, and I'll stand yer 'arf a dollar fer yerself if you can put me on to the cove. I've never seen 'im. So long," and he departed whistling.

"So long," replied Mr. Dimmock—for the second seedy individual, as will have been already guessed, was no other than our enterprising friend himself. The siege of the Club steps was then raised for the day, and he thought he "saw light."

Sir Alfred Dimmock, that evening, received amongst other guests, a Colonial premier, two opulent railway directors, an American millionaire, and a popular R.A.—all people of importance and with whom the host particularly desired to stand well. And the Baronet in his wish to pose at his best, did not scruple to freely use his nephew as a foil. Sir Alfred wished his guests to consider him as the clever man, his relative as a fool—himself as the commercial success, the other as a worthless butterfly.

Alfred took it all in such good part, too, and only the American was sharp enough to detect "something coming" before the man of melancholy mien "opened his shoulders" and let out.

"No," quoth the big financier over his first glass of '69 port, "my nephew does not take to work. He has—ah—an ample fortune, and does not care to increase it by the exercise of his talents—for we must assume that he *has* talents, eh, Alfred?" with a condescending smile. "But I must say, as I always have said—I am nothing if not consistent, you know—that it is rather a deplorable thing to see a young man unemployed."

And Sir Alfred's bosom swelled with pride to think how well he himself contrasted with his graceless nephew in this respect.

"Yes," replied the latter meekly; "still, I have not entirely wasted my time. I have been twice round the world and seen a little of it during the process."

It was rather a sore point with Sir Alfred that he had never been farther than Paris in his life. Hence his nephew's quiet reference to the subject of travelling.

The remark had the effect intended. It "drew" the worthy Baronet at once.

Turning to his guests he gave a forced laugh and exclaimed:

"Ah, these young idlers, they always have an excuse ready, eh? Come now, Alfred, have you ever earned a shilling in the whole course of your existence?"

"No," answered the latter readily; "but I am ready to bet you a five-pound note that I earn one to-morrow."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Sir Alfred, but the laugh seemed a trifle thin. "Come, I must lay you that bet, my boy; but mind you, it must be honestly earned and I—I personally—must have full cognisance of *how* the money—be it even so small a sum as a shilling—is earned. I must be concerned in it, mind."

"You shall," replied Mr. Dimmock demurely.

Smiling seraphically, but not wishing to continue the discussion, now that the bet was made, he adroitly turned the conversation into other channels.

Next day, in accordance with his usual custom, Sir Alfred took luncheon at the "Senior." Contrary to his usual custom, Mr. Dimmock did not partake of the midday meal at that eminently respectable establishment.

At one twenty-five, Sir Alfred puffed up the steps of his club. At one-thirty, the two seedy-looking individuals of the previous day, loafed up Piccadilly together, and waited patiently about the portals of the "Senior Oxford."

At twenty minutes to three, Sir Alfred Dimmock, accompanied by two City magnates of the most awe-inspiring importance, all smoking long cigars, sauntered slowly down the steps, full of hilarity and Heidsieck.

The three stood on the pavement and exchanged ponderous jokes; and just at this moment it was, that the seedy-looking loafers indulged in a hurried conference, as the result of which, one of them—the real process-server—put his hand into his trousers pocket and extracting a coin therefrom, said, in gin-laden, husky tones:

"Thank ye, mate. I promised yer 'arf

* Slang expression for Writs.

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Sir Alfred's bosom swelled with pride to think how well he contrasted with his graceless nephew.

a dollar for this job, an' 'ere it is. Ketch 'old, sharp now, I must be arfter this cove, or 'e 'll be givin' me the slip, an' if I was to miss 'im to-day it'd give me the bloomin' 'ump," and so saying he nodded to his *confrère* and hurried off in pursuit of the slowly retreating form of the Baronet.

"Beg pardon, sir, but——"

Sir Alfred eyed the intruder suspiciously. "Go away, my good man, I've nothing for you," he said loftily.

"Got nothink for me! No, but I got somethink 'ere for *you!*"

"Do you know who you're speaking to, fellow?" inquired the great personage angrily.

"Yus. Ain't your name Dimmock—Halfred Dimmock?"

The Baronet was rather taken aback. He had thought to pulverise this low wretch directly he mentioned a name so honoured in the City, but the fellow already knew it and was not even commonly respectful.

"My name, sir, certainly is Alfred Dimmock."

"Then I got a writ for yer, gov'nor. 'Ere it is," he said, thrusting the paper, headed "Edward, by the grace, &c.," into the other's yellow-kid-gloved left hand. "Mind yer, yer served!" he cried, as he walked away, whilst Sir Alfred, pale and furious, hurled himself into a passing hansom and drove off to the office of his solicitor.

Needless to say that, after examining the writ, the latter gentleman quickly explained matters, and, then and there, Sir Alfred sat down and indited the following letter to his nephew:

SIR,—I demand an immediate explanation from you of the disgraceful outrage of which I have just been made the victim. In Piccadilly, of all places in the world, a low villain actually dared to serve ME, sir, with a writ! It is for some paltry tailor's bill which you apparently owe, and no apology can heal my wounded *amour propre*, so do not attempt to make one. All I demand is a full explanation, and that forthwith.—I am, sir, your uncle,

ALFRED DIMMOCK.

On reaching home that evening, still furiously indignant and angry, the Baronet found the following telegram awaiting him from his nephew, in reply:

Same name, you see. I earned two shillings telling writter you were Alfred Dimmock, and so won that fiver. Please send it to-morrow. ALFRED.

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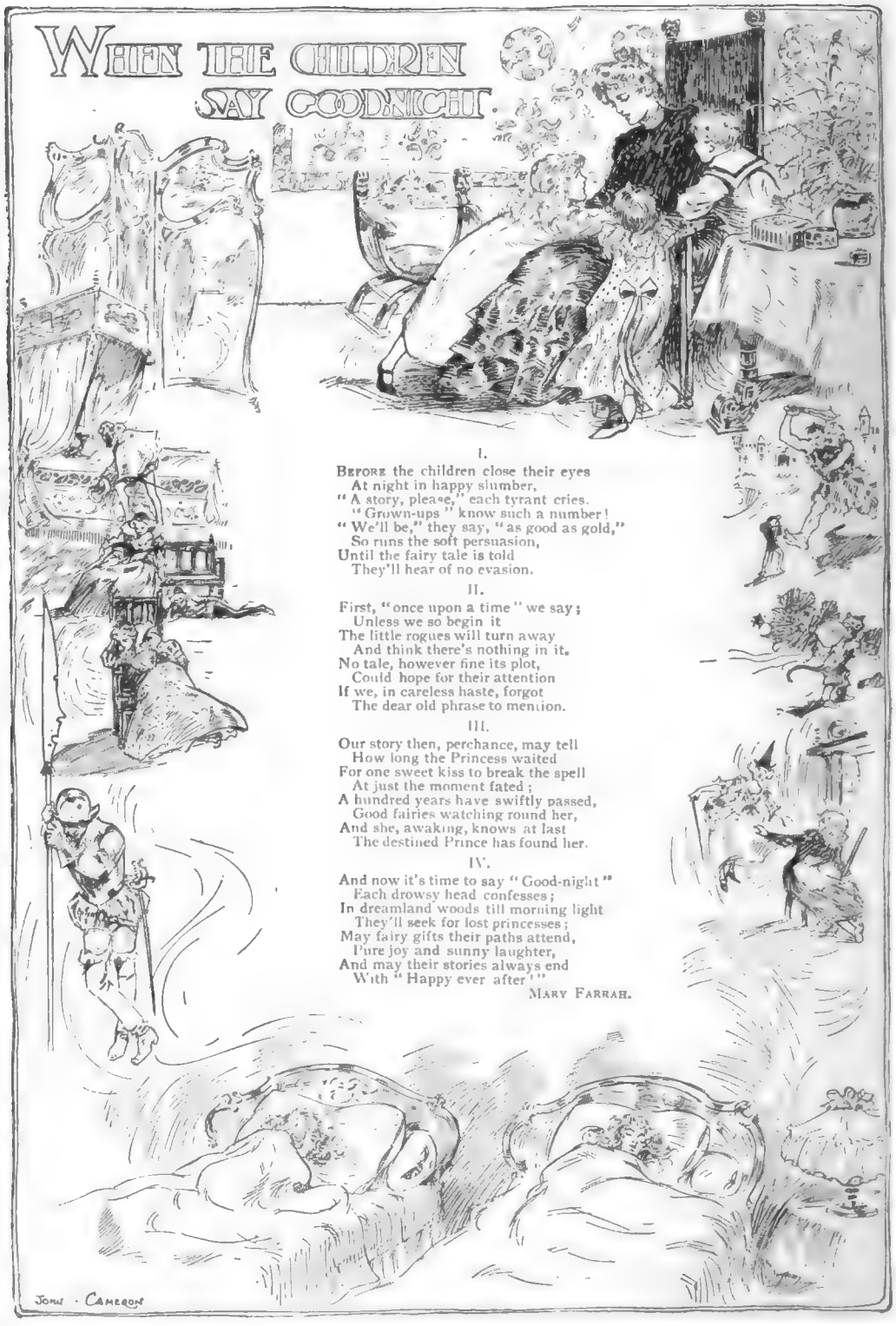
When the Children Say Goodnight



I.

Before the children close their eyes
  At night in happy slumber,
"A story, please," each tyrant cries.
  "Grown-ups" know such a number!
"We'll be," they say, "as good as gold,"
  So runs the soft persuasion,
Until the fairy tale is told
  They'll hear of no evasion.

II.

First, "once upon a time" we say;
  Unless we so begin it
The little rogues will turn away
  And think there's nothing in it.
No tale, however fine its plot,
  Could hope for their attention
If we, in careless haste, forgot
  The dear old phrase to mention.

III.

Our story then, perchance, may tell
  How long the Princess waited
For one sweet kiss to break the spell
  At just the moment fated;
A hundred years have swiftly passed,
  Good fairies watching round her,
And she, awaking, knows at last
  The destined Prince has found her.

IV.

And now it's time to say "Good-night"
  Each drowsy head confesses;
In dreamland woods till morning light
  They'll seek for lost princesses;
May fairy gifts their paths attend,
  Pure joy and sunny laughter,
And may their stories always end
  With "Happy ever after!"

Mary Farrah.

John · Cameron

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Half the indigestion in the world is caused by the slouching position the body is held in.

THE ART OF EATING

Hold your body, whether sitting or standing, like this, with the shoulders well in and the chest thrown out: it is of the first importance among the laws of health.

How, When, Where, and What to Eat and Drink.

By Margaret H. Hallam.

"Life not worth living!" Well, I can't say I'm surprised! Take a good look at yourself in a full-length mirror—round shoulders, narrow chest, and a general forward droop about the whole body, giving the impression that, instead of a spinal column, you've got a piece of overstretched elastic to do duty as a backbone.

"Martyr to dyspepsia?" Of course, you are. What can be expected of a man or woman who treats the alimentary canal as though it were a folding-chair and required doubling up after meals? And therein lies the root of the whole matter.

Quite half the digestive troubles that assail man and woman to-day owe their origin to the very simple and easily remedied fact that we absolutely don't know how to *stand* and *sit*, and the other half from undue hurry and worry and not knowing how or what to eat.

The very first thing to do, therefore, is to learn how to stand. Plant both feet firmly and squarely on the ground, so that the weight of the body is evenly dispersed; throw the shoulders back and the chest out; hold the waist well in; and don't forget the poise of the head. In this way the alimentary canal is in its normal position, and has some small chance of being able to fulfil its functions properly.

Standing so tires you, does it?

That is easily remedied. The muscles all want tightening up. They must learn not to shirk work, but to do their duty as British muscles should! Luckily our outside muscles are under our own control, more or less, and if we bring them into due subjection the inside muscles will look after themselves.

The spinal muscles should be attended to first of all, and there is nothing like the following exercise to accomplish this. Lie

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perfectly flat and rigid on a rug or mattress, both the toes fixed under some steady piece of furniture, or get an accommodating friend to hold them firmly; clasp the hands behind the head, and slowly rise to a sitting position without bending the knees or unclasping the hands; then sink slowly back again till the body touches the floor.

When proficiency has been attained vary the exercise by touching the toes with the finger-tips; at first the sensations experienced by this last pose resemble somewhat those of the sufferers from the mediæval rack, but time makes all things easier.

The next group of exercises, which may, if preferred, be attempted before the one just described (I am writing for men and women alike) is unequalled for strengthening the trunk muscles both fore and aft. Stand in the first position, heels together, toes out, shoulders well back, and the head erect. Place the hands on the hips, then, keeping the legs absolutely rigid, bend the trunk as far backwards as it will go with a slow even movement, taking the utmost care to avoid anything in the form of a jerk. Adult muscles from lack of use are apt to lose their elasticity and need very gradual loosening. Neglect of this precaution is liable to cause strain, and somewhat damp the ardour of the would-be athlete.

Having bent as far backwards as possible, gradually assume the erect position again and bend forwards till the trunk is at right angles with the legs. Slowly resume the upright and repeat six times, take a rest, and then bend the trunk sideways as far as it will go, first to the right, then to the left. Do this also six times, and complete this group of rotating the whole trunk describing as much of a circle as possible.

Don't try and build Rome in a day. For

A most useful exercise for strengthening the back and abdomen muscles: Lie in the position in the photograph, if necessary steadying the body by placing the toes beneath a piece of furniture. Then rise slowly into an upright sitting posture, repeating the process of sinking and rising several times. This exercise may be varied by bending forward to touch the toes with the tips of the outstretched fingers.

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the first week only attempt the first movement in the group. Do it six times before each meal. The next week tackle the sideways bending exercise, the week after the rotary, always doing the old as well as the new movements.

This group of exercises is really complete in itself, but I append an excellent exercise that may with advantage be added to it. Stand as for all the other exercises, and keeping the trunk erect and the legs rigid, turn as far to the right and then as far to the left as possible, resume the first position and rest.

Next comes a movement that may be almost described as a digestive tonic, acting as it does on the internal organs as well as on the external muscles. First position again, please—but stand with the legs wide apart; now raise the arms, slowly outstretching them above the head; swing them forwards and downwards, linking the thumbs together. Do not try to touch the floor, but having got as low as possible without strain, rise slowly erect, swing the arms over the head backwards, completing the process by bringing them smartly to the sides. Do the movements regularly and systematically, and you will feel like an utterly different being. And as for looks, why you will scarcely believe the tale your looking-glass tells! It will reflect a very much handsomer being. And as for life—well, you will decide that the world is not half a bad sort of place after all, and that one's fellow beings might be worse!

This is the starting position for another very useful exercise.

First bend slowly backwards, throwing the head well back. Then come forward into the first position, and bend forwards, then to the right and then to the left.

The exercise may be varied by alternately turning the body as far as possible to the right and to the left, without changing the position of the feet.

It is, however, very little use getting the digestive organs into good working order unless you intend to consider the when, how, and what, of eating. The answer to *when* to eat is manifestly when we are hungry, and as we are creatures of habit, hunger usually makes its pangs felt some where about the ordinary meal times. A theory has been started lately that breakfast is a meal that can easily be dispensed with. This is wrong.

The man or woman who has no appetite in the early morning is usually very far from being in a proper state of health, and should instantly proceed to cultivate such an appetite.

A fire soon goes out if it is not replenished with fuel, and as fuel is to fire so is food to the body, and just as there are all sorts and

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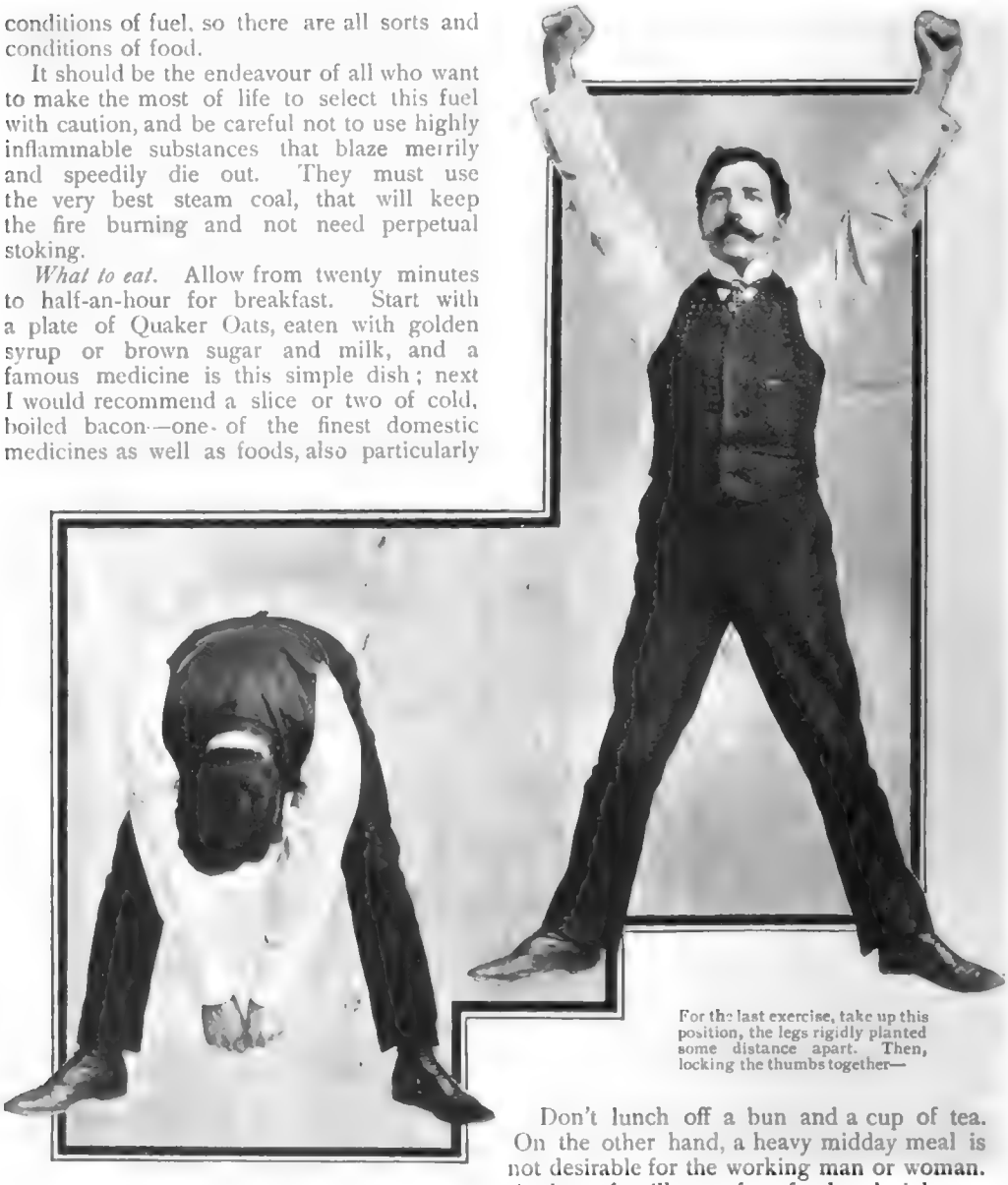
conditions of fuel, so there are all sorts and conditions of food.

It should be the endeavour of all who want to make the most of life to select this fuel with caution, and be careful not to use highly inflammable substances that blaze merrily and speedily die out. They must use the very best steam coal, that will keep the fire burning and not need perpetual stoking.

What to eat. Allow from twenty minutes to half-an-hour for breakfast. Start with a plate of Quaker Oats, eaten with golden syrup or brown sugar and milk, and a famous medicine is this simple dish; next I would recommend a slice or two of cold, boiled bacon—one of the finest domestic medicines as well as foods, also particularly



For the last exercise, take up this position, the legs rigidly planted some distance apart. Then, locking the thumbs together—

—swing forward and downward, bringing the hands as near as possible to the ground; rise slowly, throwing the arms back over the head, and bringing them finally to rest at the sides of the body.

good, as are all fat foods, for those who suffer from coughs and colds.

Vary the bacon with fish, or eggs and bacon. Accompany the meal with brown bread and butter—and do not stint the butter, please! If mothers would only spread the butter a little thicker on the youngsters' slices they would have half the doctors' bills to pay.

Don't lunch off a bun and a cup of tea. On the other hand, a heavy midday meal is not desirable for the working man or woman. A glass of milk—perfect food and pick-me-up combined—sipped slowly, brown bread and butter and a lightly-boiled egg—would suit everyone. Follow this with bread and cheese, and a plate of fresh or stewed fruit and cream. Go out to lunch if possible. A meal snatched hastily in an ill-ventilated work-room or office does very little, if any, good, and, should the opportunity arise, do at least one group of exercises before eating.

A cup of tea in the middle of the afternoon is by no means to be despised, provided it is made with quite boiling water, and, the

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day's work ended, a meal of the style known as square may be indulged in. This should commence with a few spoonfuls of soup, which stimulate the digestive juices, afterwards a slice or two off a joint of the best English meat, slightly underdone and accompanied by two vegetables. Stewed fruit and cream should conclude this repast. The list of *what to eat* may

Make it a rule always to change from your working clothes before your evening meal, whether you call it supper or dinner. A daintily laid table, too, is a great aid to the enjoyment of a meal, and, consequently, to its digestion.

A table like this is enough to take away all appetite and all digestive powers at first sight, and is a friend of dyspepsia.

After dinner it is very well to rest awhile: but do not rest in this position, with elbows on your knees and body all doubled up. Such a posture makes digestion an impossibility.

sound exceedingly simple, almost uninteresting, but a careful study will suggest variety.

Last, but by no means least, comes the *how* to eat. Some people are under the delusion that as long as they dispose of a certain amount of meat and drink in as short a space of time as possible, they have done all that is required of them. Have they, indeed?

What would a tailor say if he was given undressed wool and expected to turn out a finished coat? Nevertheless, most people expect the stomach to digest material that is as unfitted for the process as raw wool is for suit making. Now a large percentage of the food we eat consists almost wholly of pure starch, and pure starch is a substance that the stomach cannot and will not digest. Sugar, on the other hand, is soluble and easily assimilated, and nature has provided a wonderful sugar factory — *i.e.*, the mouth, in which all the starchy elements in the food become turned into sugar.

Keep your machinery well oiled and in good repair. And then masticate very thoroughly till the food is mixed as it were, and thoroughly mixed, with the saliva.

When eating pay attention to the business in hand. Do not use eye and brain in the vain endeavour to glean a little amusement from book or paper.

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The Doctor: "The sea's a shocking old matchmaker."

Mrs. Sharpe: "It's not the girl's fault so much."

Captain Dashington: "Brains haven't a ch nce with—aw—money."

Miss Montmorency: "I can t help pitying Mr. Harder."

Lady Ella's Marriage.

By Owen Oliver.

The DOCTOR (to Miss Fairway).

So you've ventured on deck this morning, Miss Fairway. . . . Upsets you to watch the sea, does it? That's easily cured. How? Why, don't look at it!

Who? The youngish man with the broad forehead? That's Harder, the millionaire. . . . The girl he's with? Lady Ella Smallways, of course. . . . Old friends? Yes—since yesterday! . . . It's a law of nature, I suppose. Face and fortune attract one another like a magnet and steel filings.

The sea's a shocking old matchmaker. I knew an old dowager who got six daughters off her hands in as many voyages. She had a mishap with the youngest, though. . . . Why, she married the doctor!

Mrs. SHARPE (to Mr. Sharpe).

Open? My dear, it's barefaced! The Smallways came on purpose to catch him—and borrowed the money for their passages! Harder is worth a million, if he's worth a penny. Mines and all that sort of thing, you know. . . .

It's not the girl's fault so much. They say she's in love with that charming Capt. Dashington. But as for the mother!—Other people may bow down to her position, but I won't. . . . My *dear* Lady Smallways! How *well* you are looking. . . . Shall we sit here?

Capt. DASHINGTON (to the Doctor).

The Smallways? Aw—ya-as. Young Egbert and I were at Harrow togethaw, don't you know. Doosid good fellow. In the Bristlers. Potty little regiment. Couldn't afford the cavalry, poor chappie. . . . Ya-as. Adjutant and all that sort of rot. Has to slog away like the doose. Beastly grind!

Aw—er—ya-as! Introdoose you, if you like. . . . No mortal use, don't you know. Lady Ella's above our price, to speak vulgarly. If it hadn't been for the old lady. . . . Nothing reawly. . . . 'Pon my word . . . Brains haven't a chance with—aw—money, don't you know.

Miss MONTMORENCY (to Capt. Dashington).

Oh, you quite startled me, captain! . . . Of course you may stay. . . . I don't know what I *was* thinking of. One just stares at the water swishing by and loses oneself. . . . What about Lady Ella and her millionaire? Both to be envied? *Do* you think so?"

For my part, I pity Mr. Harder. She made such a dead set at him. . . . No-o; not bad-looking in her way. She would be quite pretty if her eyes weren't so greenish, and her hair——Well, it *is* rather reddish, isn't it? . . .

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Yes; but I don't care for such a deep voice in a woman, myself. Her features are quite irregular.

Poor Mr. Harder!

Mr. YOUNG (to Mr. Macpenny).

Don't turn in yet, old chap. It's barely twelve. . . . I could sit here all night and look at the moonlight on the water. Makes you think of things, doesn't it . . .

Matter? Oh, nothing! . . . I can't help feeling for other people. That's the worst of me . . . Why, Lady Ella and that fellow Harder. . . . Anybody can see that it's her mother's doing. . . . No—o. I shouldn't call Harder a bounder, exactly. But he's twenty-eight, if he's a day; and she can't be more than twenty. . . . A man ought to be three or four years older than his wife, I consider. . . . I was twenty-three last birthday. . . . Poor Lady Ella!

Mr. Young: "Anybody can see that it's the mother's doing."

Mrs. GOOD (to Miss Montmorency).

Mr. Harder is a fine, manly fellow; and Lady Ella is a dear girl . . . I should like to see them both happy . . . A very nice match, if they love one another . . . A big "if"?

I am afraid you are right; but it isn't for us to judge them, my dear. . . . I am sorry for *both*, if it is so. I don't know which to pity most; the man who buys a face with a fortune, or the girl who buys a fortune with a face. . . . I am an old-fashioned woman, you see, and only believe in one reason for marriage . . . Love, my dear; just love!

Mrs. Goode: "Love, my dear; just love."

Mr. MACPENNY (to Mrs. Good).

Ye're luikin' verra thochtfu', Mrs. Good . . . Hoot, hoot! Hae ye nae waes o' yer ain, thet ye mun mak' them oot o' ithers? What's wrong wi' Harder an' the bonny Leddy Ella for a pair? They'll nae dae wairse than mony that hae come to the same gait for less guid reason! He'd nae loe her mair gin she were nae a leddy; an' she'll nae loe him less for his fortune.

Peety? Nae, nae! I'll peety neither. They're baith canny folk wha know what they want. . . . I dinna say ye can loe folk for their siller or poseetion; but I ken ye need nae loe them less!

Mr. Macpenny: "They're baith canny folk."

Lady SMALLWAYS (to Mrs. Sharpe).

It is Providence that ordains these things, not we. If dear Ella is satisfied it is not for *me* to complain. . . . Naturally I should have preferred someone in our own circle; but Mr. Harder is a very presentable young man . . . One need not see much of one's relations-in-law. . . . The mother seems—inoffensive. . . . There is no doubt whatever about his means. I ascertained before we came that—that is, I happened to hear from a trustworthy source that he is literally a millionaire.

I don't mind telling *you*, that I *was* rather anxious about Ella. She has such foolish, romantic notions. . . . As I said, it is not *quite* what I should have

Lady Smallways: "I should have preferred someone in our own circle."

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The Chief Steward: "My word, she's a sharp 'un."

Mrs. Harder: "My dear, he's worth a dozen earls!"

Mr. Harder: "I love you so dearly, Ella . . ."

Lady Ella: "Oh, I *do*!"

wished for her; but we must trust that everything is arranged for the best.

The CHIEF STEWARD (to Mr. Young).

It won't be the old lady's fault, anyhow, if she ain't mother-in-law to a millionaire. My word, she's a sharp 'un.

Came down to see me 'fore we left Southampton. "You are the chief steward?" she sez. "Yes, m'lady," sez I. "You arrange the seats at table," sez she. "You'll be next to the cap'n, m'lady," sez I, "an' your daughter next to you." "An' who'll be next to my daughter?" sez she. "It depends on the cap'n, my lady," sez I. She just takes out her purse an' smiles. "Who would you put there, if it depended on you?" she asks. "I expect you could guess, m'lady," I tole her. "Mr. Harder," sez she, an' hands me a couple of sov'rins. "The very gentleman I was thinkin' of, m' lady," sez I. So I just went an' tole him the cap'n wanted him to sit there; an' you see how it is!

Mrs. HARDER (to Mrs. Good).

The best of sons, my dear, the *very* best. If it is for his happiness, I am glad. . . . It is natural for a man to be ambitious; and of course they are a very old family. . . . I never allow myself to dislike anybody, but there are people I take to more than Lady Smallways. . . . I haven't a word to say against Lady Ella. . . . A *very* sweet manner. . . . If only I thought she loved my boy for himself . . . My dear, he is worth a dozen earls!

Mr. HARDER (to Lady Ella).

So this is our last night. . . . Do you know, Lady Ella, this voyage has been the playtime of my life. I've only worked before . . . Yes. I've had my reward —if money is a reward. I used to think so; but things seem different lately . . . The difference is—you!

I am an ambitious man, Lady Ella. I have money enough. I want position. Money cannot buy that—except through a wife. Your friends have destined you for a wealthy marriage. . . . Forgive me for what I am going to say. Everyone thinks that we are going to strike a bargain on these lines. Lady Ella, I thought so too.

Dear little friend, I should think so still if I did not love you so much. . . .

I love you so dearly, Ella, that I would rather see you happy with the man you love than unhappy with the man who loves you. My dear, I *do* love you very much. If there is anyone? . . *When* there is anyone, then, a fortune is at your disposal and his. . . . I'll do it so that no one shall know . . . I shall be glad to do it, my dear; very glad. . . . Come, come! You mustn't cry.

There's one thing more. We've been so much together on the voyage. . . . It will be unpleasant for you if people think that I drew back. . . . You must say that you refused me.

Not true? We'll make it true now. . . . Lady Ella, do you love me?

Lady ELLA (to Mr. Harder).

Oh, I *do*!

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CAP AND BELLS

MORE THAN ENOUGH.

JUDGE: "The jury have found you guilty of bigamy. Have you anything to say before I pass sentence upon you?"

PRISONER: "Well, Judge, I'll leave it to you if havin' two wives ain't punishment enough?"

* * * * *

THE AUTHOR (after the first performance): "Well, what do you think of my play?"

FEMININE FRIEND: "It was just lovely! Who designed the heavenly dresses?"

* * *

Wing: "I always like to hear a man say what he thinks."

Wagg: "But people who always say what they think generally think such disagreeable things."

* * *

"I don't think much of this museum," said Jinks. "Why they ain't got no skull of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the one I was in at Bloomfield has two."

* * * * *

JUDGE KNOTT: "I'll give you two years."

PRISONER: "Your Honour, I don't ask you for mercy—all I want is justice."

JUDGE KNOTT (to clerk): "Then change the sentence from two to ten years."

AND THEY SAY "MARRIAGE IS A FAILURE."

MANAGER: "No, I can't engage you or your husband. Since your marriage neither of you have successfully acted a part."

MRS. SUE BRETTE: "Better try us again. We are living apart now."

* * * * *

THE INTERRUPTER.

A Post Office Comedy.

OLD GENTLEMAN: Three penny stamps!

P.O. YOUNG LADY (continuing conversation with fellow clerk):

That Lottie Simmons dyes,
Makes up a lot, and puts stuff in her eyes.
Since Harold Tom'kins courted her, you know,
She's greatly changed—why, not so long ago
She used to sport great circular "gig-lamps,"
But *now* she'll only wear——

OLD GENTLEMAN: Three penny stamps!

P.O. YOUNG LADY (resuming calmly):

My brother Jack has taken to the flute,
And all the evening it's toot—toot—toot—toot!
He's quite *too* musical! The banjo is
His special weakness. Oh, you mustn't quiz
His playing—it's absurd to say he "vamps."
You ought to hear him play——

OLD GENTLEMAN: Three penny stamps!

P.O. YOUNG LADY (starting afresh):

I had a note the other day from Dot.
They've gone to live in *such* a pretty spot—
She and her husband; it's five miles away
From *anywhere*, she tells me; but they may
Have to give notice, for the horrid damp's
Enough to give them both——

OLD GENTLEMAN: Three penny stamps!

P.O. YOUNG LADY (making a final effort):

No, that new blouse of mine, I fear, is not
***Quite* a success. The pattern that I got**
Was Mrs. Beach's. Fanny cut it out—
Oh, yes, I must attend to him, no doubt.
Excuse me, dear, till the old wretch decamps.
Now then, sir, what's for you?

OLD GENTLEMAN (triumphantly): Three penny stamps!

(Gets them and retreats chuckling.)

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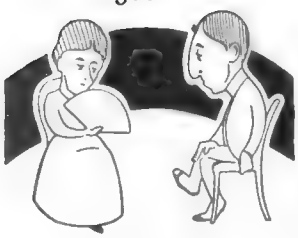


Miss Oldgirl (coyly): "I had a strange dream the other night, Mr. Jones. I dreamt—only think—that you and I were married and on our wedding tour! You don't know how real it seemed! Did you ever dream such a thing?"

Mr. Jones (firmly): "No, Miss Oldgirl, I did not! In fact, I haven't had the nightmare for a good many years!"

* * * * *

AWFUL ANTICIPATIONS.

"Why so sad?" was asked of the man who was always looking for trouble.

"I've just read that in 60,000,000 years the sun's light will give out, and if my grocer hears of it he'll run up the price of paraffin."

* * *

A SLIGHT ERROR.

AMY: "I came near missing a proposal last night."

JANE: "You did?"

AMY: "Yes. He got down on his knees, and I thought he was merely looking for a ping-pong ball."

* * *

A CLOSE SHAVE.

FIJI CHIEF: "Let me tell you, sir, that your contradiction of my statement has saved your life."

MISSIONARY: "Saved my life? How is that, sir?"

FIJI CHIEF: "Why, I never eat anything that I know disagrees with me."

* * * * *

TIME TO SHUT UP.

WIFE: "Oh! John, the baby's got a tooth!"

HUSBAND: "Well, I hope he'll be satisfied now. He's been crying for it long enough."

"Hi, Jimmy! Look at his legs—wot a *gr.p!*"

HE SOLD IT.

"I—I suppose," said the fair customer hesitatingly, "you can warrant this hammock?"

"Yes, ma'am," briskly replied the salesman. "It's built for two."

* * * * *

JONES: "Hello, Smith, is it you?"

SMITH: "No; I am not myself to-day."

* * * * *

SUNDAY.

"Father," said Tommy Jones, "how big a fish did you ever catch?"

"I caught a catfish once, Tommy," replied Deacon Jones, "that weighed——"

The good man stopped short, looked fixedly at his youngest son, and resumed in an altered tone: "Tommy, this is Sunday."

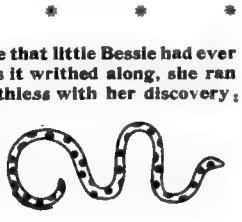
* * *

"When it comes to marriage I wouldn't give a thought to how much the man I love is making," remarked the dreamy-eyed girl.

"Neither would I," remarked the practical damsel. "What would primarily interest me would be how much he has already made. There's no use taking chances."

* * * * *

It was the first time that little Bessie had ever seen a snake, and, as it writhed along, she ran into the house breathless with her discovery: "Oh! Mamma, come quick!" she cried. "Here's a tail wagging without any dog!"



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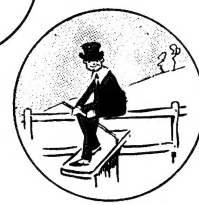
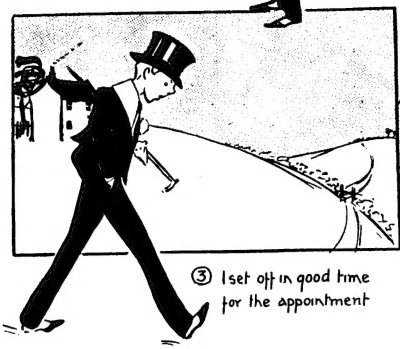
ALL FOOLS DAY

① I receive a letter

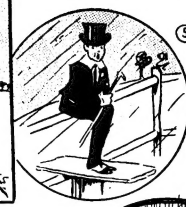
② It's from Floss! Wont Bob be mad! He's awfully gone on her.



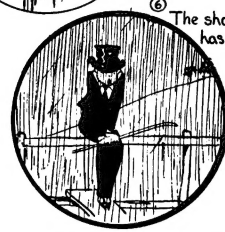
④ And arrive at the style first and wait.



③ I set off in good time for the appointment

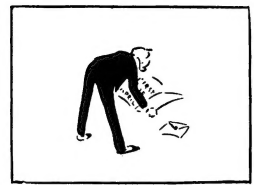


⑤ She seems rather late and a shower is coming.....



⑥ The shower has come!

⑦ In despair, after waiting two hours, I turn my steps homeward and who should I run into but Floss – not alone but with that beast Bob.– I cant make it out.



⑧ But at home I find a letter and that explains all. I had quite forgotten it was the First of April

H. COWHAM

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SAD, BUT TRUE.

ELLA: "My face is my fortune."

STELLA: "Well, we can't all have money."

* * *

BETTER THAN THE CIGAR.

"Tom," she said softly, as she looked trustingly into his eyes.

"What is it, dearest?" he asked tenderly.

"Don't you think, Tom," she said slowly, "that you had better throw away that cigar?"

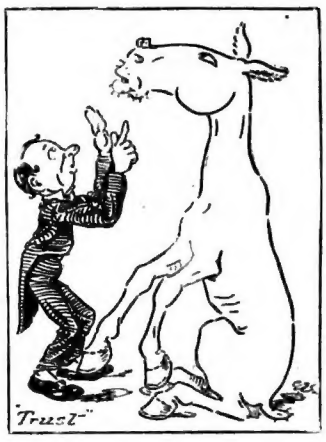
"Do you object to smoke, my dear?" he asked.

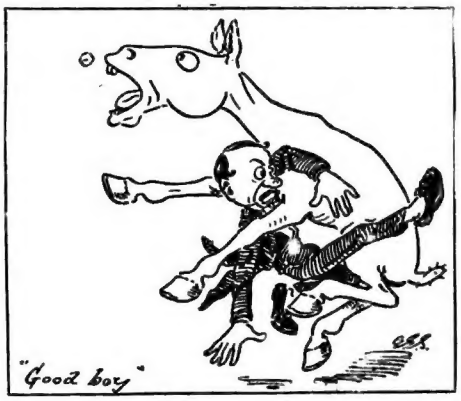
"Oh, no, dear Tom; not at all," she replied quickly. "I rather like the smell of a good cigar, but—but——"

"But what, dearest?"

"But you are so forgetful, Tom, and—and—if you should forget to take the cigar out of your mouth you might—even a slight burn on my cheek, you know, would cause comment."

The cigar was thrown away, and a minute later there was nothing but a blush on the fair cheek to indicate that Tom had taken a broad hint.





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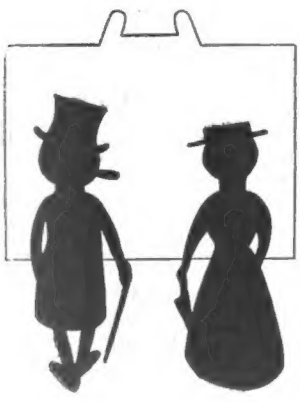


"Did the new doctor succeed in curing your husband of insomnia?"

"Yes; but the doctor's bill was so excessive that my husband cannot sleep now for worrying over how he is to pay it."

* * *

He: "Well, for my part, I like a picture that tells a story."

She: "Mrs. Witherby's portrait ought to suit you, then. It makes her positively handsome."

HE WAS TOO SLOW.

He reached out as if he would catch hold of her, but she eluded his grasp. Again he made an equally feeble attempt, and again she eluded him. Once more he made a feeble attempt, and she had no difficulty in escaping. This time she became indignant, almost angry.

"What do you mean, sir," she exclaimed, "by thus trying to kiss me?"

"I—I—I presume," he hesitated, "that I meant to kiss you."

She drew herself up proudly, then stepped near him and gazed down on him defiantly.

"Well," she said emphatically, "why in heaven's name don't you do it?"

* * * * *

NOT WHILE SHE WAS ABOUT.

"Well, have you anything to say," asked the judge.

The little man in the witness-box looked round the court rather fearfully.

"That depends," he answered at last. "Is my wife in the court?"

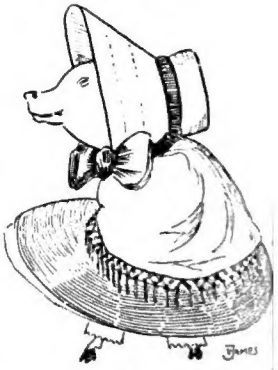
* * *

JOHNNY (calling up the stairs): "'Lla, here's Jack come to see you."

ELLA: "Tell him I'm just going to bed."

JOHNNY: "He says he must see you, so just slip on something and come down."

So Ella slipped on the banisters and came down.



A pig in a poke.

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGES.

I.

ONE of the many difficulties which beset that much-harassed and long-suffering person, the Editor—and especially the Editor of a magazine—is that custom has decreed that he shall keep himself in the background.

He is a person with thousands of friends whom he never gets a chance of speaking to. And these friends all look to him for entertainment, while he, poor man! not being able to exchange ideas with them, has to make a guess at their tastes, and prepare his feast accordingly. And, when all is said and done, editors are human beings. What, then, more natural than the wish to take these amiable friends of his into his confidence—to share with them his editorial experiences, humours, joys, and grievances; to tell them what this man wrote, what that man said; to congratulate them; to scold them (occasionally); to congratulate himself—to become, in short, generally garrulous? What more natural?

Well, after thinking the matter over, I have come to the conclusion that the Editor of the ROYAL is the man to set custom at defiance, and inaugurate closer relations between himself and his readers. Nor am I going to ask you merely for your opinions. I am going to let you have the full benefit of my own as well. In short, we shall have a comfortable, staightforward monthly chat in the future, you and I, and I don't think either of us will be the worse for it? Do you?

II.

Since we have determined to oe quite frank with each other I feel it my duty to give you one further reason for t is change of policy on my part, and as this reason is connected with our new friend—or rather our old friend, for by this time he has become quite an institution—our old friend Mr. X., I feel sure you will be interested to hear it.

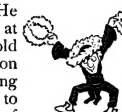
To put it briefly, then, I became quite jealous of Mr. X.'s fame and popularity. It is now less than six months since I came across this amazing old gentleman. There he sat shut up in his den, immersed in profound meditation, problems to the right of him, puzzles to the left of him—a frowsy old philosopher unknown to the world, and whom nobody would ever have heard of but for me.

With infinite tact and diplomacy I drew him from his seclusion, and got him to make his bow to the public. His success was instantaneous. He might have been a great singer or actress for all the fuss people made of him!

Letters arrive in shoals addressing him directly, or speaking of him in terms of intimate affection. "Dear old friend," "that nice old chap," "dear old Mr. X.," "that charming old man," "that delightful old bounder"—these are a few of the endearments lavished upon Mr. X., not on account of what he does, but of what he is—or of what people think him to be.

And, really, if you imagine that his personal attractions come up to the somewhat fanciful portrait of him at the head of his pages, you are greatly mistaken. He is not nearly so handsome. And what amuses and irritates me is that Mr. X. is quite silly with joy at his sudden popularity. He cannot imagine, he tells me, what induced a man of his extraordinary charm to court seclusion for so many years.

He treasures all those affectionate letters he receives as though they were worth their weight in gold. He positively skipped with glee at being called "a delightful old bounder." I have every reason to think that he is daily expecting some enterprising young lady to send him a proposal of marriage.



Well, it was partly this unaccountable popularity of Mr. X. that brought me out of my shell. "Mr. X.," so I told myself, "gives them two pages a month. I give them scores of pages. But when they write to *me* I am merely 'Sir,' or 'Dear Sir,' occasionally 'Dear Editor'—never 'dear old friend,' or 'delightful old bounder.' And as

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for proposals, why . . . ! It's hard. It's not fair. I must remedy it." And so, my dear readers, here I am, and here you may expect me regularly every month.

III.

So much for Mr. X. and myself. Now for what is after all of far greater importance —yourselves and the ROYAL. In the first place, a word about the great 55. A Day For Life Competition, the last set of pictures in connection with which will be found in this number. One very gratifying feature in this contest has been the large number of letters I have received expressing pleasure at the nature of the task set. Numberless competitors have written to tell me that, since the first set of pictures appeared, they have considerably widened their knowledge of the geography of the United Kingdom, and on more than one occasion this knowledge has been of the utmost benefit to them. Let me direct your special attention to the conditions under which attempts must be sent in. The rules and regulations laid down are to safeguard competitors as well as to facilitate the stupendous task of checking the attempts. Any attempts which do not fulfil all the conditions, will, I am afraid, have to be immediately disqualified. But it is such a simple matter to discover what you have to do, and then to do it, that I don't suppose any competitor will fail to carry out the conditions.

IV.

I really never dreamed, when I started on the "School Under the Sky" series, that it would cause such widespread interest. As for the competition connected with the first article—well, when I showed the heap of attempts sent in to Mr. Webb, his face fell a couple of feet. We are both of us busy men as it is, and that heap kept us hard at work more hours than we care to remember. And the result of our joint labours is as follows:

CLASS I.

Nellie Gordon (aged 8), of the Llangattock School.
Arthur Thairs (aged 9), Castle Inn, Newcastle, near Monmouth.
Phyllis Hyland (aged 9), 11, Streatham Common, S.W.

CLASS II.

Hannah Broomhead (aged 10), Holloway, Matlock.
Edwin Hedley (aged 11), The Garrow, near Monmouth.
Percy Rogerson (aged 12), The Limes, Brading.

CLASS III.

Winifred Powell (aged 15), Sunnyhill Road, Streatham, S.W.
Pansy Rowe (aged 15), Hethel, Norwich.
Dorothy Coleman (aged 16), The Carfax, Horsham.

I have also much pleasure in presenting a special prize of a microscope to the Arnot Road Board School, Liverpool, for the greatest number of attempts sent in.

I hope next month to be able to give a few details as to the prize winners and their efforts. In the meantime I must content myself with rapping the knuckles of sundry young hopefuls who had the cheek to send me their "observations on the aspects of Nature in January" *before that dreary month began!* One competitor begins her essay as follows: "January is a cold month, *but this year it froze hard.*" And this interesting communication reached me on December 29th!!! My dear young lady, where do you expect to go to?

V.

While on the subject of competitions I really must say a word about the interesting competition in which readers were invited to give their opinion as to the relative value of certain items in the February number.

Now, as to the prize-winners. You were merely asked, as you will remember, to send in your postcards whilst I engaged myself to give five prizes for some mysterious reason which I kept up my sleeve. Here, then, are the winners, to each of whom I have forwarded a guinea:

Mr. Fred Nightingale, 9, Haven Street, Bradford, Manchester.
Mr. G. W. McKee, 2, Marvel Dwellings, Great Passage Street, Hull.
Mr. W. E. Charles, 16, Grandage Terrace, Bradford.
The Rev. E. N. Langham, Rastrick Grammar School, Brighthouse.
Mr. R. T. Gill, 60, The Drive, Hove, Brighton.

And what have they done to deserve this? Each of them has given me—quite unwittingly—a valuable hint for my future guidance. I congratulate them, and thank all.

VI.

By the way, a queer little incident happened in connection with "An Adventure of Major Kay" in this number. I happened to show Major Kay's portrait, which you will find on page 506, to a Scotch friend. He regarded it long and earnestly.

"Do you know," he said, at last, "Major Kay bears a striking resemblance to——" and he named a famous General in the British Army. He was quite right, and seemed very gratified when I told him that it takes a Scotchman to make any really remarkable discovery. Do you notice the resemblance? Can you fill in the above blank space?

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